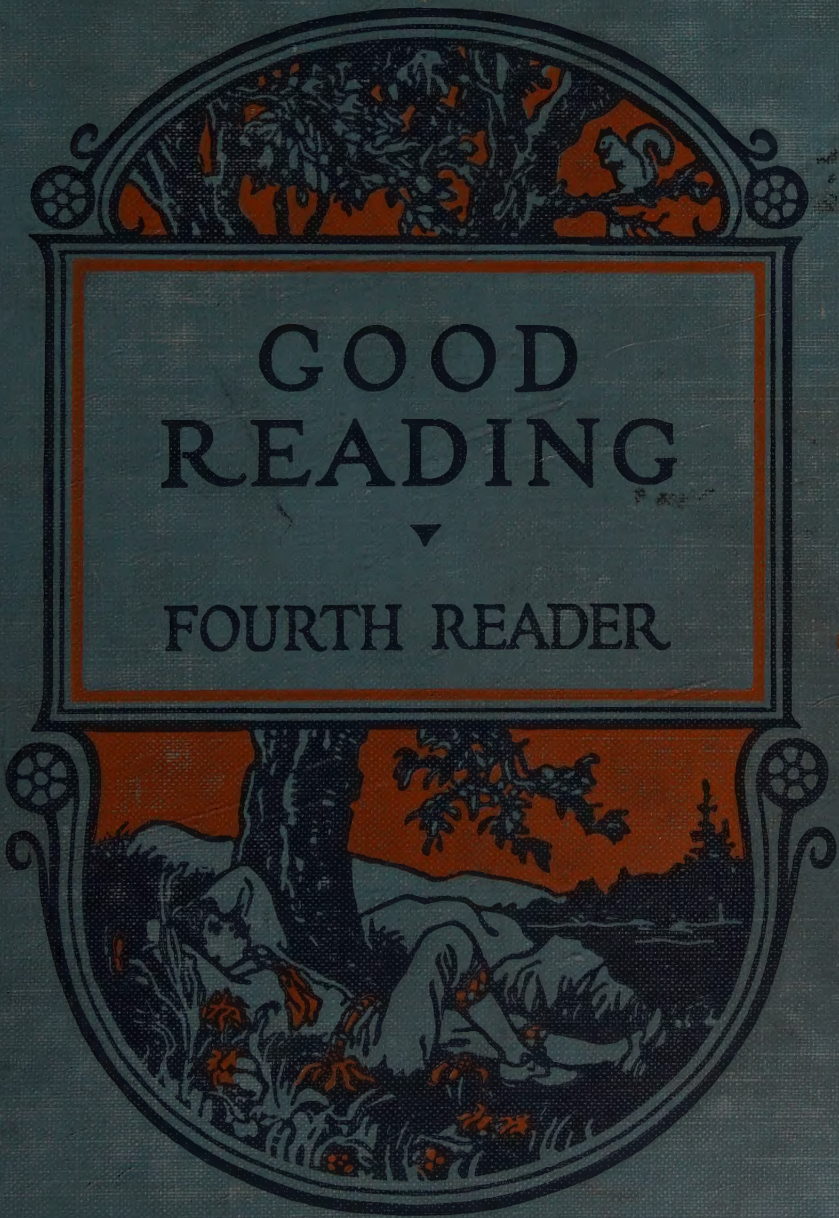
GOOD READING

FOURTH READER



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GOOD READING

FOURTH READER

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FROM AUTHOR TO TEACHER

It will perhaps be agreed that one of the fundamental purposes in the teaching of reading is to get intelligent and active response. To do this, one step is to rouse curiosity; another, to awaken consideration of what has been read in its relation to life. Without an active desire to know what is coming, the lines make far less impression; without reference to the experiences of life, reading, however intelligent, is to no purpose.

The children who use the Fourth Reader are of an age when the world outside home and the neighborhood begins to be vividly realized. For this reason, the material is extended to much that concerns this larger world of reality—accounts of real heroes, true stories about animals, and an increasing amount of the fact that is as interesting as fiction.

Throughout the book there is continual suggestion of ideals of conduct, not necessarily as patterns, supplemented by abundant humor; and, aside from the poems which are classics, the material is almost entirely fresh.

It should be noted that good literature is presented in as nearly as possible its original form; for examples, the David story, the Robin Hood ballad, the story from the

''Younger Edda,'' and the passage from Stevenson's ''Treasure Island.''

In brief, to stimulate reading of the best literature and interest in many aspects of the real world, and to associate both with high ideals of personal conduct and of citizenship, these are the aims of this book.

Special acknowledgment is due to Professor William Scott Gray, of the University of Chicago, for helpful suggestions in the choice and arrangement of material.

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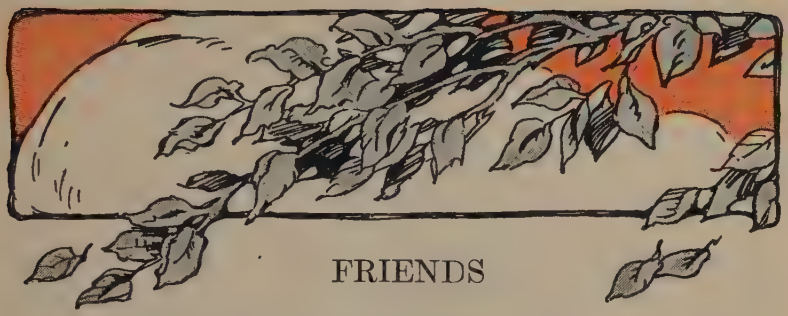

FRIENDS

How good to lie a little while
  And look up through the tree!
The sky is like a kind big smile
  Bent sweetly over me.

The sunshine flickers through the lace
  Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face
  Like Mother, before bed.

The wind comes stealing o'er the grass
  To whisper pretty things,
And though I cannot see him pass,
  I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle friends are near
  Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
  Wherever he may be.

—Abbie Farwell Brown.

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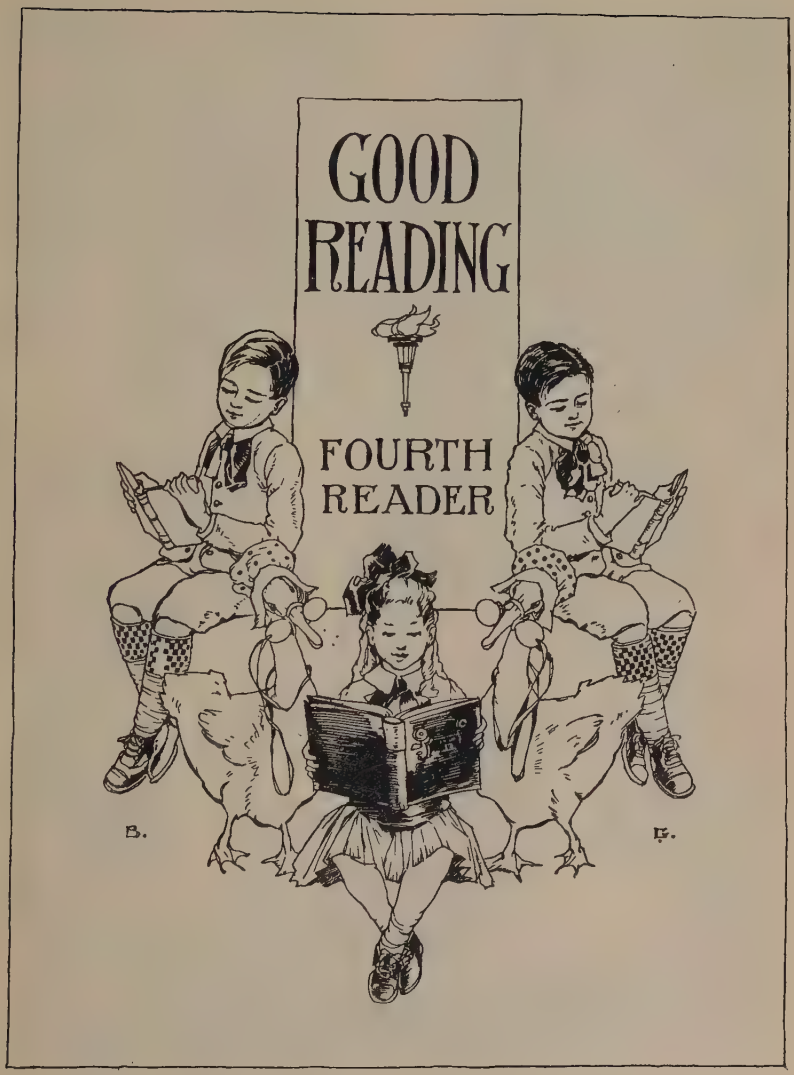
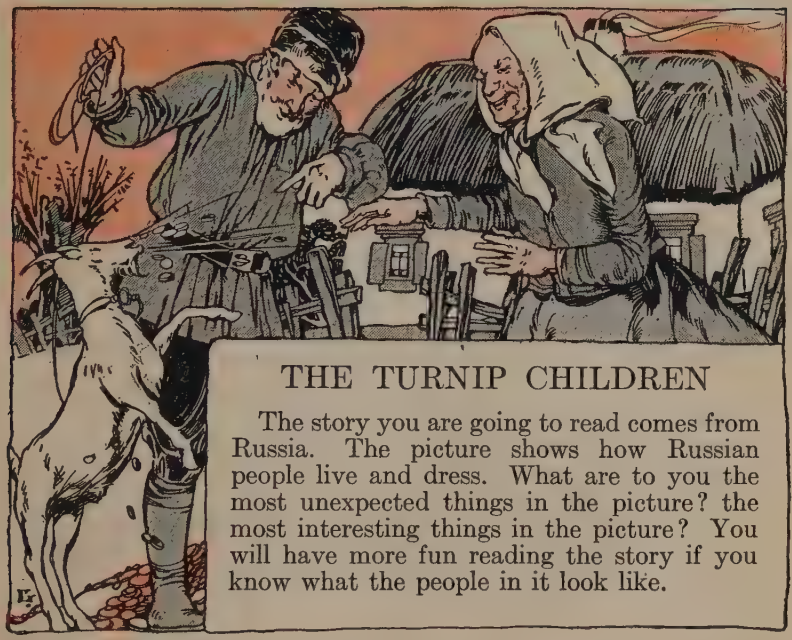

GOOD
READING
FOURTH
READER

Blanche Greer



THE TURNIP CHILDREN

The story you are going to read comes from Russia. The picture shows how Russian people live and dress. What are to you the most unexpected things in the picture? the most interesting things in the picture? You will have more fun reading the story if you know what the people in it look like.

The Stealing of the Turnips

An old man and an old woman lived together in a little wooden house. The old woman was always cross. She scolded day and night. If the weather was too wet or too dry, she scolded the old man as if it were his fault.

All round the house was a garden full of potatoes, beets, and cabbages. One day the old woman set her heart on growing turnips. The old man sowed turnip seed to please her.

Every day after that she asked him: "Are the turnips ready to eat yet?"

"They are not ready to eat."

"Can you see the green sprouting?"

"You can see the green sprouting."

But one day the old man came in and said: "To-day there were some turnips ready to eat; but they have been stolen."

"Stolen?" cried the old woman, in a rage. "Who could climb over that high wall, I should like to know?"

"I don't know," answered the old man; "but the turnips are gone."

"Well, go find the thieves," screamed the old woman, "and don't come back until you have caught them."

The old man hurried off, though he did not expect to find the thieves. "They may be birds," he thought, "or the little brown squirrels. How can an old man like me catch them flying through the tree tops or running up and down the branches?"

The Table-Cloth That Turned Inside Out

After he had walked a long way, he saw a little cottage under the pine trees. There was a great chattering inside. It sounded like a lot of birds.

The old man thought he saw little faces peeping at him through the window and the door. Then suddenly the house was still.

The cottage seemed to be empty. It was as clean as if it had just been swept. But in the middle of the floor lay a green leaf. It was a turnip leaf.

While the old man stood looking about, the blankets on the bed began to move, first in one place, then in another. There came a little laugh; then another. Suddenly there was a great stir in the blankets, and they were all thrown back, helter-skelter. Dozens and dozens of little queer children came tumbling out, chattering and laughing.

They came out of the cupboard, and out of every dark corner, dozens and dozens of them. They chattered and laughed all the time. And every one of them had a little turnip in his hand, and waved it about and showed it to the old man.

"Oh!" said he. "So you stole my turnips!"

"Yes," cried the children. Their little voices rattled like hailstones on the roof. "*We* stole the turnips."

"How did you get over the high wall?" asked the old man.

The children all burst out laughing again, but did not answer a word.

"You may laugh," said the old man. "It is I who get scolded."

"Never mind," cried the children. "We'll pay for the turnips."

"How can you pay?" asked the old man. "You have nothing to pay with."

One of them said to him: "Are you hungry, Grandfather?"

"Hungry, my dears?" said he. "Of course I am. I had to come away without my dinner, and I've been looking for you, hours and hours."

"Then open the cupboard door behind you. Take out the table-cloth and spread it on the table."

He did so.

"Now," shouted the children, chattering like a thousand young birds, "we'll sit down and have dinner."

"But, there's no food," said the old man.

How they laughed!

"Grandfather," said one of them, "tell the table-cloth to turn inside out."

"There can be no harm in that," thought the old man. So he said: "Now then, Table-Cloth, turn inside out."

The table-cloth whirled up in the air and as quickly spread itself flat on the table again. This time it was

covered with dishes and plates and spoons, and the best dinner you could think of in all the world.

The old man and the dozens and dozens of little, queer children sat down and had dinner together.

"Which of you washes the dishes?" asked the old man.

The children laughed. "Tell the table-cloth to turn outside in."

"Table-Cloth," said the old man, "turn outside in."

Up jumped the table-cloth with all the empty dishes and whirled itself about in the air, and spread itself again on the table, clean and white, and with nothing on it.

"That's a good table-cloth," said the old man.

"Grandfather," said one of the children, "take the table-cloth home with you, to pay for the turnips."

"Well, I'm content with that," said the old man. "Good-by, and thank you for the dinner."

"Good-by," said they, "and thank you for the turnips."

The old man went home, and crept in through the door as quietly as any mouse. The moment the old woman saw him, she began to scold. "You didn't find the thieves, of course!"

"Yes, I did. They were a crowd of little, queer children."

"Did you beat them for stealing my turnips?"

"I did not. I had dinner with them, and they gave me this table-cloth to pay for the turnips."

"What's the good of an old table-cloth?" she screamed. "It's not worth the trouble of washing!"

But when she found out what the table-cloth could do, she said: "Well, the turnips were mine. I shall keep the table-cloth."

When the old man had gone to bed, she locked it up in her chest and put a table-cloth of her own out for her husband.

The Sneezing Goat

The next morning the old man told the table-cloth to turn inside out, but of course nothing happened.

Presently the old woman sent him out to look at the turnips.

"They're doing finely," he said; "but some of them have been stolen again."

"Stolen!" screamed the old woman. "Go and find those children, and make them pay for our turnips again."

The poor old man went through the green forest until he came again to the little cottage. From the chattering inside you would have thought all the little boys and girls in Russia were talking together.

And this time the dozens and dozens of little, queer children came tumbling out of the door to meet the old man. Every single child had a turnip in his hand, and laughed and laughed as if it were the best joke in the world.

"You may laugh," said the old man; "but it is I who get the scolding when the turnips fly away in the night."

"Never mind," cried the children. "We'll pay for the turnips again."

"All very well," said the old man; "but that fine table-cloth of yours did not give me this morning even a cup of tea and a piece of bread."

Then all the little, queer children looked troubled. One of them said:

"Well, this time we'll give you something better. We'll give you a goat with a cold in its head."

They took him behind the cottage and showed him a gray goat with a long beard, cropping the grass.

"It's a good enough goat," said the old man. "I don't see anything wrong with him."

"Tell him to sneeze," cried the children.

Now the old man remembered the table-cloth. So he took off his hat and bowed, and said: "Sneeze, Goat."

Instantly the goat began to sneeze as if he would shake himself to pieces. As he sneezed, big gold coins

flew in all directions till the ground was covered with them.

"That's enough," said the children. "Tell him to stop. All this gold is of no use to us, and it's such a bother to sweep away."

"Stop sneezing, Goat," said the old man.

Then the goat stopped sneezing and stood out of breath, knee-deep in gold pieces.

The children walked through them as if they were dead leaves, and kicked them this way and that way into the bushes.

After they all had a good dinner, the children gave the old man the goat to take home with him.

"Well," said the old woman, "what did they give you for the turnips?"

"They gave me this goat."

"That skinny old goat! I have three goats already, all better than that."

"It has a cold in the head," said the old man. "Sneeze, Goat."

The goat began to shake itself almost to pieces, sneezing and sneezing and sneezing. The good gold pieces flew all ways at once. The old woman ran after them, picking them up like a hen picking up corn. As fast as she picked them up, more showered upon her like heavy gold hail.

"Stop sneezing, Goat," said the old man. But the old woman gathered every one of the gold pieces.

As soon as the old man had gone to bed, his wife untied the goat and hid it in the bushes and put one of her own goats in its place.

"They were my turnips," she said to herself. "Why should he have any of the gold?"

The Wooden Whistle

Early in the morning she waked the old man again and told him to go and look at the turnips. There were scarcely any turnips left in the garden.

Then the old woman scolded so hard that the old man put his hands to his ears and went away into the forest. He walked as fast as he could until he came to the cottage under the pine trees.

This time the little, queer children were dancing all over the roof. Some of them were sitting on the chimney. And every one of them was playing with a turnip.

As soon as they saw the old man, they came tumbling off the roof, one after another, head over heels, like a row of peas rolling off a shovel.

"*We* stole the turnips!" they shouted before he could say a word.

"I know you did," said the old man; "but it's I who will get the scolding every time."

"Never again!" shouted the children. "And we'll pay for the turnips once more."

"Thank you," said the old man. He hadn't the heart to be angry with those little, queer children.

Three or four of them ran into the hut and came out again with a small wooden whistle. "I cannot play that," said the old man. "My old fingers are like sticks and I don't know one note from another."

"Never mind," said the children. "When you get home, let your wife play it. When you have had enough music, say, 'Into the whistle.' That will pay for the turnips and make everything right."

The old man thanked the children and went home through the green forest.

He found the old woman counting her gold pieces. She jumped up and began to scold again: "What have those children cheated you with this time?"

"They gave me this whistle and they are not going to steal our turnips any more."

"A whistle!" she screamed. "What's the good of that? But give it to me. They were my turnips. It's mine."

She put the whistle up to her lips and blew.

Out jumped three whips as lively as snakes and began to beat her, one after another.

"Stop them, stop them!" she screamed, running

this way and that way, with the whips flying after. "I'll never scold again. I'll never be cross again."

She ran to the chest and pulled out the table-cloth.

"Stop them, stop them!" she screamed. "I stole your goat and hid it in the bushes. I wanted all the gold for myself. Stop them, stop them!"

She made such a noise that the old man could not hear himself speak. When he could get a word in, he said: "Into the whistle." In a moment the three whips, lively as snakes, had jumped into the whistle and hidden themselves there. "That's all right," said the old man. He fetched the sneezing goat out of the bushes and made it sneeze a little gold, to be sure that it was the right goat. Then he laid the table-cloth on the table and told it to turn inside out, to be sure that it was the right table-cloth. And there on the table was the best dinner that ever was cooked.

The old man and the old woman sat down together and there was not a cross word on her lips.

After that they lived happily together in peace and comfort.

But the old man could never find again the cottage with the queer children who had stolen the turnips.

—Adapted from "Old Peter's Russian Tales," by Arthur Ransome.

THE ELEPHANT

This story is about a little Russian girl called Nadya. Her name is pronounced näd'ya. Perhaps no other little girl in the world ever had such a thing happen to her as happened to Nadya. Was it something that you would have liked to have happen to you?

What Nadya Wanted

Nadya was very sick. The doctor said that she might get well if she could have everything she wanted. But she did not seem to want anything.

One morning she awoke happy. She had had a wonderful dream about an elephant. She whispered to her mother:

"Mother . . . could I have . . . an elephant to play with? A real one—not one in a picture-book?"

"Of course you can, my child."

Nadya's father went to a toy store and soon came back with a toy elephant. It was a large gray elephant that could move its head and swing its tail; on its back was a red saddle, and on the saddle was a golden tent with three little men sitting inside.

But Nadya did not want it. She turned her head away, and said: "No. That's not what I meant. I want a live elephant. This one's dead."

"But look, Nadya," said Mother. "We'll wind him up, and he'll walk exactly like a live one."

The elephant was wound up with a key. It began to move its legs and to walk slowly along the table, nodding its head and swinging its tail. But Nadya did not care for it. Not to hurt her father's feelings, she whispered: "Thank you very much, Father. But you promised once to take me to see a live elephant, and you never did. . . . I wanted a live elephant."

"But, my dear child, don't you understand that's impossible? An elephant is very big. He is nearly as high as this ceiling. We couldn't get him into the house. And where could I buy one for you?"

"It needn't be a big one. . . . You could bring me only a little one if it's alive. Not bigger than this one . . . a baby elephant."

"My dear child, you might as well ask me to get you the sun out of the sky."

But Nadya looked so sad that her father went out to see what he could do. This time he went to a circus.

He sat in the front row, watching the trained animals. Clever dogs jumped, turned somersaults, danced, sang to music, and spelled words with large cardboard letters. Two monkeys, one in a red skirt, the other in blue knickers, walked the tight rope and rode upon a large poodle. An immense tawny lion jumped through burning hoops. A clumsy seal fired a pistol. At last they brought out three elephants. The smallest of these did his tricks better than the others. He stood up on his hind legs, then sat down. He stood on his head with his feet in the air. He walked over wooden bottles, then on a rolling cask. He turned the pages of a picture book with his tail. Finally, he sat down at a table, and tying a napkin round his neck, had his dinner just like a well-brought-up little boy.

When the show was over, Nadya's father went to find the manager.

"Would it be possible," he asked, "for you to send one of your elephants to my house for a little while?"

"Send an elephant to your house? I don't know what you mean," said the manager.

Then Nadya's father said that his little girl was sick and needed to be amused. The manager wrinkled

up his forehead, and scratched his left eyebrow with his little finger. At length he asked, "How old is your little girl?"

"Six."

Then the manager said that he had a little girl just that age, and that he would see what he could do. But it would be very expensive to send an elephant to a house.

Nadya's father said that he would pay anything to have his little girl well again.

Then the manager said that the smallest elephant was about sixteen feet long and ten feet high and weighed about four thousand pounds. Did Nadya's father think that the ceiling would be high enough, the doors and stairway wide enough, and the floors strong enough for him?

Nadya's father said, "Come and see."

How the Elephant Visited Nadya

That night while Nadya was asleep they brought the elephant to the house. Late as it was, he was followed by a great crowd. The policemen had to keep the people away.

The manager led the elephant. He came nodding his head and swinging his trunk, just as the toy elephant had done. Nadya's father had all the doors

thrown wide open. But when the elephant saw the stairway he stopped.

"Tommy! Oho-ho . . . Tommy!" said the manager. Then he turned to Nadya's father and said, "Perhaps he will go up if you bring him a cake."

Nadya's father went out and bought a large cake. Tommy looked as if he would have liked to eat it at

a gulp; but his master gave him only a quarter. Then Tommy held out his trunk for a second piece. But the manager went up the stairway, step by step, holding a second piece of the cake in his hand; and the elephant followed him, with his trunk stretched out for more cake. By the time he had eaten all the cake, he was at the dining-room door.

All the furniture had been taken out, and the floor covered with straw. Tommy was fastened by the leg to a ring which had been screwed into the floor. He

was given carrots, cabbages, and turnips to eat. The manager lay down on a sofa outside the door. The lights were put out and everybody went to bed.

Next morning Nadya woke very early and asked at once, "Has he come?"

"Yes, he's come," said her mother. "You shall see him as soon as you have eaten your breakfast."

When breakfast was over, Nadya was put into the wheel-chair because she was too weak to walk, and wheeled into the dining-room.

The elephant was much larger than she thought he would be. He was only a little lower than the top of the door, and he was half as long as the dining-room. He had thick skin in heavy folds. His legs were like big posts. His head had great lumps on it. His ears were as large as shovels, and were hanging down. His eyes were quite small, but they looked wise and kind. His trunk was like a snake and had two nostrils at the end, with a piece like a finger between them. If he had stretched out his trunk as far as he could, it would have reached the window.

Nadya was not frightened, although her nurse was afraid.

The elephant's master came up and said: "Good morning, Nadya. Don't be afraid. Tommy's very good and he likes children."

Nadya said: "Good morning, Tommy. How are you? I'm not at all afraid. How did you sleep?"

She held out her hand to the elephant. He took it carefully with his one strong finger. Then he nodded his head and screwed up his little eyes as if he were laughing.

"Does he understand everything?" asked Nadya.

"Everything."

"Only he can't speak."

"No, he can't speak."

"Have you had any tea yet, Tommy?" asked Nadya.

The elephant stretched out his trunk and blew a warm breath into Nadya's face, making her hair puff out at each side.

She laughed and clapped her hands. The elephant's master laughed, too. He was large and fat and good-natured like the elephant.

"No, he doesn't drink tea. But he likes sugar-water. And he's very fond of rolls."

How Nadya Entertained the Elephant

Rolls were brought in on a tray. Nadya handed one to her guest. He caught it cleverly with his finger, and turning up his trunk into a ring, hid the roll somewhere underneath his head. She could see his funny,

three-cornered, hairy lower lip moving. Tommy ate a second roll, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. All the time he nodded his head and wrinkled his tiny eyes. Nadya laughed and laughed.

When the rolls were all eaten, Nadya introduced her dolls to the elephant.

"Look, Tommy, this nicely dressed doll is Anna. She's a good child; but sometimes she is naughty and won't eat her soup. This is Maria. She knows almost all her letters. And this one is Katrina. She was my very first doll. She hasn't any nose now, and her head's been stuck on, and she's lost all her hair. She used to be Anna's mother, but now she's the cook. Let's have a game, Tommy. You be the father and I'll be the mother, and these shall be our children."

Tommy laughed. He took Katrina by the neck and put her in his mouth. But this was only a joke. After biting the doll a little, he put her back again on Nadya's lap, just a little wet and crumpled.

Then Nadya showed him a large picture-book and explained:

"This is a horse; this is a canary; this is a gun. . . . Look, there is a cage with a bird inside; here's a pail, a looking-glass, a stove, a spade, a raven. . . . And here, look, here's an elephant. . . . How can an elephant look so small, Tommy?"

Tommy did not seem to like that picture. He took hold of the page with his finger, and turned it over.

It was Nadya's dinner-time; but she would not leave the elephant. Tommy's master said, "Let them have dinner together."

He ordered the elephant to sit down, and Tommy did so, shaking the whole floor so that the china on the sideboard jingled. Nadya sat opposite Tommy, and a table was put between them. A table-cloth was tied round Tommy's neck for a napkin, and they began dinner. Nadya had chicken broth; Tommy had vegetables and salad. Nadya had a cup of cocoa, and Tommy had warm sugar-water which he sucked up with his trunk from a soup tureen. And for dessert he had a large cake.

At night when Nadya's bedtime came, they couldn't get her away from her elephant. At last she fell asleep by his side. Then they carried her to the nursery. She did not wake even when she was being undressed.

Next morning she was much better. She remembered what had happened the day before, and asked, "Where's my elephant?"

They told her that he had had to go home, and that when she was well she could go to see him.

Nadya said, "I'm almost well now."

—Adapted from Alexander Kuprin.

THE BARGAIN

There were two men who lived side by side. One day, one of them went to the other and said: "Friend, please lend me your elephant today, to do some work for me. I will return him tomorrow."

His neighbor let him have the elephant and he went home with it. That day the elephant died. So the man who had borrowed it went to see his neighbor again, and said: "Your elephant died while doing work for me. What shall I do? Give you money for him, or buy you another elephant?"

"Neither," said the man who had owned the elephant. "I must have my very own elephant. Bring him back to me or I will kill you."

"But I say that your elephant is dead. I cannot bring him back," said the other man.

"Then I will kill you."

With that the first man ran away, and got safely inside his house. He thought and thought. Then he told his wife about it.

"Put this water jug directly behind the door," she said. And the man did as he was told.

Soon the man who had owned the elephant came to the house and pounded at the door.

"What do you want?" said the woman through the window.

"I have come to kill your husband," said the man.

"Come in and look for him. Open the door."

The man opened the door. As he did so, he knocked down the water jug that had been placed there. It broke into a thousand pieces.

"You have broken my best water jug!" cried the woman. "Give it back to me at once."

"I will pay you for it, or buy you another," answered the man. "But I can't give that one back to you. It is broken into a thousand pieces."

"But I must have that one back, or my husband will kill you."

"I tell you, it's broken. I can't give it back."

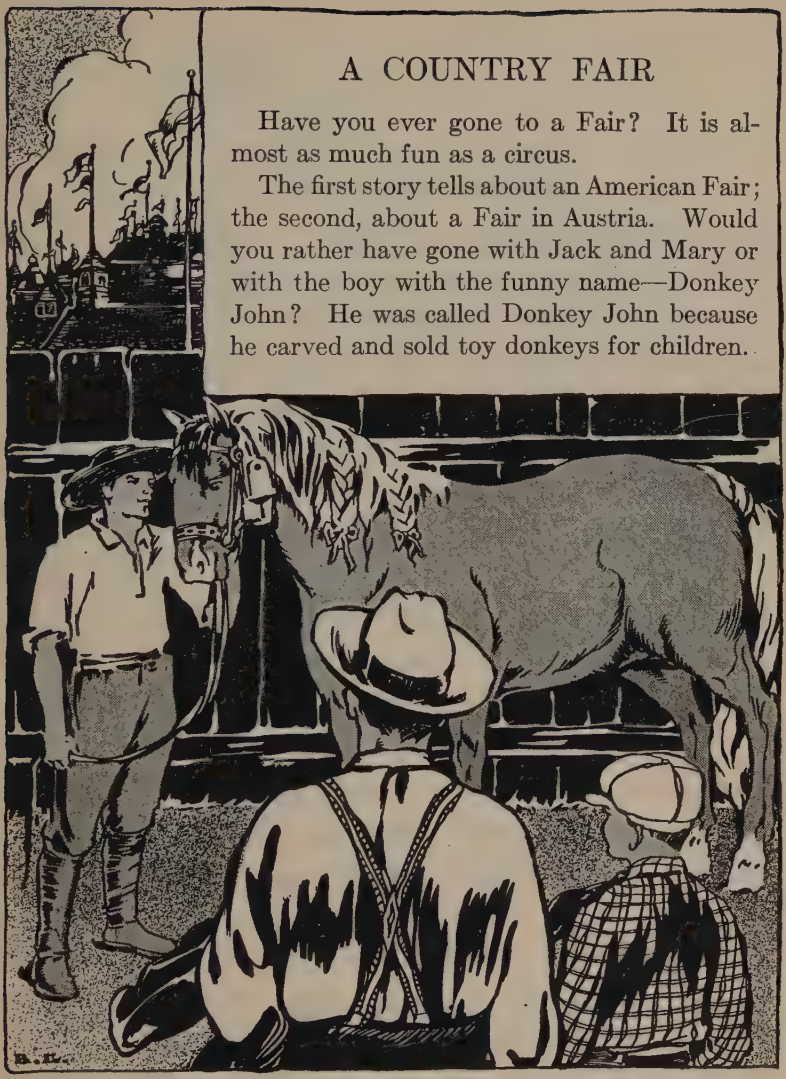
"Then my husband will kill you."

Then the man saw that his neighbors had played a clever trick on him, and he said: "I was wrong to say that I must have my own elephant back. Give me another and I will be satisfied."

Then the man who had borrowed the elephant said: "If you do not try to kill me, I will not kill you. Give me another water jug and I will be satisfied."

With that they were well pleased with each other and afterward lived peaceably together as neighbors.

—African folk tale.



A COUNTRY FAIR

Have you ever gone to a Fair? It is almost as much fun as a circus.

The first story tells about an American Fair; the second, about a Fair in Austria. Would you rather have gone with Jack and Mary or with the boy with the funny name—Donkey John? He was called Donkey John because he carved and sold toy donkeys for children.

THE COUNTRY FAIR

"Jack! Jack! Wake up! Have you forgotten what day this is? Come, get up quick or we shall never get to the Fair."

Jack, with one eye partly open, was about to grunt, "I'm sleepy," when the magic word "Fair" made him sit straight up in bed. Of course he'd get up! Didn't he have to feed his chickens and load his biggest pumpkin and his corn and his large, smooth potatoes into the car? Jack was proud of his exhibits. He dressed before any one else.

Mother was packing the lunch in a big basket. Mary was carefully wrapping several glasses of jelly which she was going to show at the Fair. Father had gone out to examine the automobile.

Breakfast eaten, by six o'clock they were on the road. It was still dark, but they were not alone on the road. Other automobiles chugged by or followed them, and now and then they passed wagons and buggies.

At the Fair

Upon reaching the fairground, they first parked the car. Jack helped father unload.

By this time the September sun was up and the

crowds had begun to gather. The balloon man with his shrill whistle was holding out his big red and blue balloons for the children to buy. Mary really wanted one, but she thought she would rather spend her money on the merry-go-round. She could hear the music from it in the distance.

Jack and his father went at once to the great tent where all kinds of stock were being shown. They saw cows, horses, ponies, pigs, sheep, chickens, and goats. Jack's father liked the big, strong work-horses, but

Jack liked the little ponies and the calves and lambs. Jack's father was to be one of the judges of the stock. He hurried off and left Jack to go where he liked.

Where do you suppose he went? First, he looked at his own pet chickens to see that they were all right. Then he went straight to one corner of the big tent where a crowd was gathered. He heard a noise like the peeping of tiny chicks. He worked his way in among the grown people until he could see. He found himself in front of an incubator. Hundreds and hundreds of fuzzy yellow and black chicks were running about and cheeping at the top of their voices. They had been hatched in the incubator without the mother hen. He wished he could watch them for hours.

Mary and her mother went to see the fancy-work and the displays of good things to eat. Mary thought her jellies looked as clear as anybody's. She was sure her mother's big brown loaves of bread would take a prize. They saw rugs, braided or woven, baskets, pillows, embroidered towels and pillow-cases, tablecloths, and napkins, and many other kinds of needlework.

Mary thought the flowers were beautiful. She saw great bunches of asters, dahlias, mignonette, cornflowers, and chrysanthemums. By the time she had visited the vegetable booths, her mother called her for

the noon meal. Just as they were leaving, the judges came along. After examining the vegetables they tied a blue ribbon around the curly stem of Jack's big pumpkin. Mary was so pleased she could hardly wait to tell Jack that he had won a first prize.

Afternoon

After dinner in one of the lunch tents they started out again. Father wanted to see the farm machinery and tools, and the splendid exhibit of automobiles.

Their mother took Jack and Mary to the merry-go-round and the Ferris wheel. They had several rides before the sports began. There was a fat men's race and a fat women's race; a sack race and a potato race. Some of the boys tried to climb a greased pole to get the dollar on the top. Jack thought of trying, but just then another boy won the dollar.

After that they visited a side-show where some monkeys were doing tricks. The children bought popcorn, peanuts, taffy, and pop.

As they started back to the car to meet Father, they saw again what they had thought the most wonderful thing of all. A real airplane was running along the ground. Then before they could wink an eye, it went up in the air and sailed away. The children watched until it was out of sight. They wished they

could have gone up in it. All day they had seen it making short trips with passengers. And they had seen it writing the name of the Fair in smoke on the blue sky.

Evening had come all too soon. But when they were on the way home, they found they were too tired to talk about the wonderful things they had seen.

When Jack went to bed that night, he said sleepily: "I wish tomorrow were going to be Fair Day over again."

DONKEY JOHN OF TOY VALLEY AT THE FAIR

I

He had almost forgotten the Fair when he came upon it. People had their things to sell piled up on tables in the open air or in piles on the ground. Large, bright-colored umbrellas covered some of them. There were flags flying and bells ringing and music playing. Crowds were moving about from one table to another, the people laughing and talking, and buying something now and then.

All John's troubles were forgotten as he walked about from booth to booth with eyes and mouth open; or stood still to watch the gay, strange-looking crowd, or listen to a mouth organ played by some spangled

clown, or the toot of a horn, or the crash of a drum. Once he stopped before a mountain of wooden shoes. Beyond, there was another pile of felt shoes. He thought how fine it would be to take a pair of them home to little Angelica.

Again his attention was held by piles of bright cloth—blue, red, yellow, green; gay shawls; wonderful shining jewelry; picture books and story books; copper kettles such as his mother cooked in at home and as he had cleaned so often for his uncle; girls' hats and men's hats; hoods and scarfs; pins and needles; everything he had ever seen or expected to see was here in plain sight.

John remembered at last why he was at the Fair. He sat down in a clear space a little to one side under a spreading tree, took out his toy donkeys, and stood them on the ground before him.

Soon a little stream of people was passing in front of him. They looked at the donkeys, but mostly at him, and laughed and talked. Though he could understand scarcely a word they said, he saw they were pleased. He smiled and nodded at them and pointed to his donkeys. Once in a while some one bought one. When night came he had only half of them left and his pockets were heavy with copper coins.

At last the people took away or covered up their

wares, and as it grew dark the fairground became deserted. John began to think about going back to the house where he was to sleep.

II

John went straight to the Fair next morning and to his place under the tree. He told himself that a business man must not spend the working hours in amusing himself. In a little while he had sold the last donkey, and was thinking which way to walk to see all the Fair when a man came hurrying along with a little lame girl. He made signs to John that he wanted a toy for the child.

John pointed to his donkeyless basket and shook his head. They were all gone. Then the little lame child began to cry. The man tried to soothe her, but she only cried the louder.

John had put some blocks in the heel of the basket and had filled in all the spaces between the toys with them. He had brought his tools, too, partly because he did not like to be long separated from them, and partly because he had an idea he might have time to do some work while he was away from home.

So he signed to the man to wait. He ran to a place where he had seen a large block of wood lying the day before. The owner allowed him to take it, and putting

it down by his basket, he sat on the ground behind it; and although the position was not an easy one to work in, he took one of his blocks and began to carve. The man and the child, watching him, stayed until the toy was finished, although John worked slowly, as usual. It amused the child to see the little chips roll out and the block gradually take the shape of a little long-eared donkey. John finished it carefully, and when it was done he had never made a prettier one.

The man took it and put a silver coin in John's hand. While John was looking to see whether all the money he had would be enough to make change, the man went away.

"He will come back for his change," thought John.

III

The first comers at the Fair next morning saw John seated before his piece of wood working away at his blocks. He meant to finish them all and sell them that morning so as to have the afternoon to see the Fair. He had stuck so close to his place, coming early and leaving late, that after that first day he had seen very little of it.

As before, a great many people came to watch him, and as fast as he finished a block somebody bought it. Early in the afternoon he was free.

With his empty basket on his back, he began to walk about, and was surprised to see how the Fair had grown since that first day. There were nearly twice as many booths set up, and some of them held very fine things. He stopped before one and picked out a beautiful red shawl for his mother, and at another he got a pair of felt shoes for Angelica, and for his father a pair of sheep shears which he very much needed. All these he put in his basket.

Then he wandered out to the end of the fairground where he had not been before, and there he discovered the merry-go-round.

John's eyes almost popped out of his head at sight of those swinging chairs and prancing horses flying smoothly around with people sitting in the chairs and on the backs of the horses. He had heard of the merry-go-round, but it had meant very little to him, because he had never seen anything like it in the mountains.

As he stood looking, the music stopped with a crash and the wonderful swinging circle came to a standstill. The people on it climbed down and others took their places. Then the music started up as suddenly as it had stopped, the gay thing began to swing around faster and faster until the riders fairly flew past him and made his head whirl. He stood leaning on his staff and staring with round eyes and open mouth

B.G.

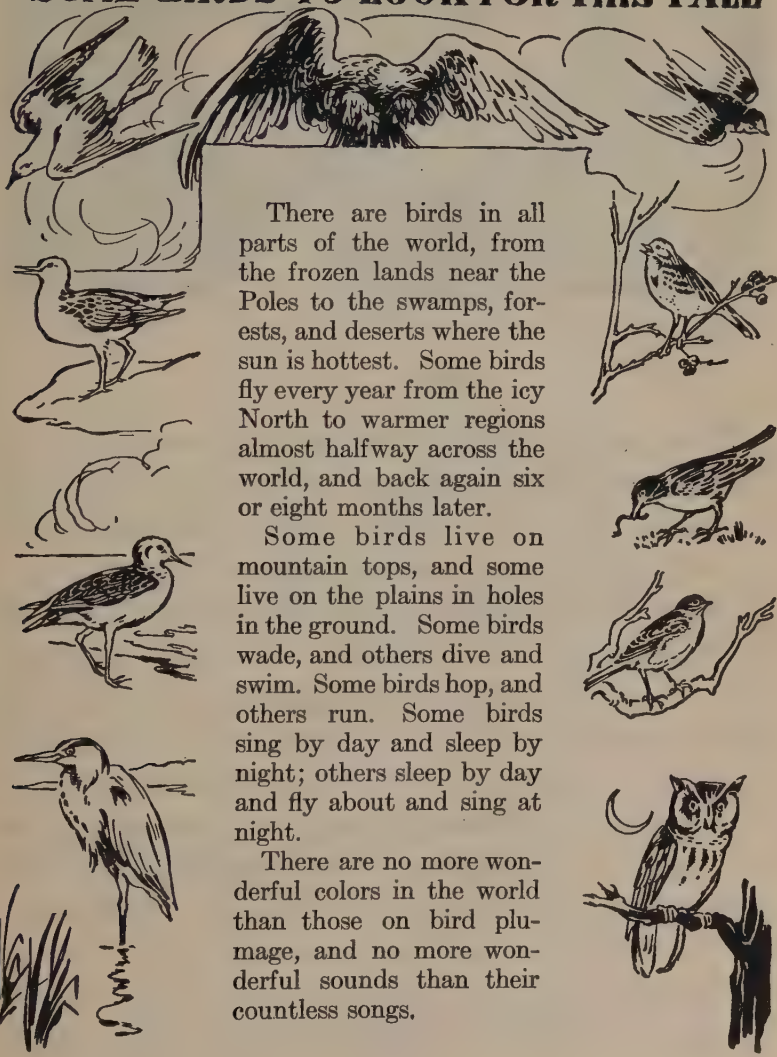
until some one nudged his elbow and motioned to him to go and get in, for again it had come to a standstill, and the people who were in were tumbling out and others taking their places. He only smiled and shook his head, for he could not take his basket with him, and he could not leave it.

Near him stood a boy who was watching the merry-go-round with wistful eyes.

"Since I cannot go myself," thought John, "I will send this boy." He bought a ticket for two cents and gave it to the boy. He stood by and watched the boy climb astride one of the big wooden horses and then clutch the rod in front. The band struck up a lively air, the thing started, and John clutched his staff and clenched his teeth, his eyes fastened on the boy to whom he had given the ticket. He felt as if he himself were perched there ready to fly. He feared the boy would fall off. He did not fall, but hugged his iron rod and flashed past John faster and faster until the machine stopped. Then he staggered down, and as he passed John he nodded with a broad and happy grin on his face.

—Abridged from "Donkey John of the Toy Valley," by Margaret Morley.

SOME BIRDS TO LOOK FOR THIS FALL



There are birds in all parts of the world, from the frozen lands near the Poles to the swamps, forests, and deserts where the sun is hottest. Some birds fly every year from the icy North to warmer regions almost halfway across the world, and back again six or eight months later.

Some birds live on mountain tops, and some live on the plains in holes in the ground. Some birds wade, and others dive and swim. Some birds hop, and others run. Some birds sing by day and sleep by night; others sleep by day and fly about and sing at night.

There are no more wonderful colors in the world than those on bird plumage, and no more wonderful sounds than their countless songs.

THE OWL

Do you know that a large owl is able to carry off animals as big as rabbits and skunks? A little owl cannot do this. What do you think he eats? A little owl feeds chiefly on mice and insects.

When an owl flies from his perch in the trees, he makes no noise with his wings. His feathers are not stiff and rattling like those of pigeons. Each feather has downy fluff on its edge that makes his flight as noiseless as a flying shadow. The mice and little birds do not hear him come. But perhaps they see his large staring eyes, and they may hear his ghostly call. His claws are so strong that there is small chance of escape for the mouse or bird that he catches.

Often the perching places of an owl may be known by the round pellets or little balls that we find below.

The pellets are made of hair, feathers, and bones of creatures he has caught and eaten. Since he cannot digest feathers, hair, and bones he casts them from his mouth in little pellets.

By examining these pellets we can tell exactly what kinds of animals and birds the owl has eaten. In this way we know that, although at times he may be very destructive, on the whole he is helpful to man.

THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come
  And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
  And the whirring sail goes round,
  And the whirring sail goes round;
    Alone and warming his five wits
    The white owl in the belfry sits.
When merry milkmaids click the latch,
  And rarely smells the new mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
  Twice or thrice his roundelay,
  Twice or thrice his roundelay;
    Alone and warming his five wits,
    The white owl in the belfry sits.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls;
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

SEA GULLS

I

Graceful, strong-winged gulls are always to be seen on beaches and river harbors. In stormy weather they face the wind and drift and float for hours, with only now and then a flap of the wings. If they fly low enough, we can see their sharp, watchful eyes and their strong bills. They are on the lookout for food. Have you ever seen them?

Gulls not only eat fish, alive or dead, but they also eat refuse. It is because they are scavengers that the law protects sea gulls on all our coasts and harbors.

There was a harbor city in South America where thousands of gulls flew about and clamored. They were so noisy that the people of the city said they must be killed. So killed they were by the hundreds,

and the harbor was quiet. But a pestilence came into the city, and more than half the inhabitants died. Too late, people realized that the gulls had kept the harbor clean by eating the refuse cast into the water. When other cities heard of this pestilence and the reason for it, they sent a shipload of sea gulls to the city.

Since that time, harbor cities have protected their sea gulls and in doing this they have protected their citizens.

Bird rocks along the coasts, where gulls and other sea birds nest, are noisy places indeed. But often in a fog the screaming of the gulls warns the sailor that he is near the rocks. Many a boat has been saved from shipwreck by the cries of sea birds; and the homeward flight of gulls has directed many a lost sailor to shore.

II

Sea gulls are often found inland far from any body of water. In plowing time they often follow the plow or walk in newly turned furrows. They gorge upon grubs and insects and rid the farmer of threatening pests.

Once they saved a city from famine. The settlers of Salt Lake City had plowed and planted their

fields and had promise of a good crop. But suddenly all the fields were eaten clean by a cloud of locusts. The next year, the courageous settlers planted their fields again. Once more millions of locusts threatened their crops. But just in time, great flocks of sea gulls came into the fields and completely destroyed the locusts. Ever since, the gulls have been protected by the people of Salt Lake City. And recently a monument has been raised there to remind people of the service of the gulls.

A VISIT FROM THE SEA

Far from the loud sea beaches
  Where he goes fishing and crying,
Here in the inland garden
  Why is the sea gull flying?

Here are no fish to dive for,
  Here is the corn and lea,
Here are the green trees rustling,
  Hie away home to sea!

Fresh is the river water,
  And quiet among the rushes,
This is no home for the sea gull
  But for the rooks and thrushes.

Pity the bird that has wandered,
  Pity the sailor ashore,
Hurry him home to the ocean,
  Let him come here no more!

High on the sea cliff ledges,
  The white gulls are trooping and crying.
Here among rooks and roses,
  Why is the sea gull flying?

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

SHORE BIRDS

Along the shores of all bodies of water, large or small, at certain seasons of the year, we are likely to find shore birds. Although at times most of these birds feed in meadows, at other times they run up and down the shores and hunt for food; sometimes they even wade out into the water for it. They have long legs to lift their bodies above the water and long toes to keep them from sinking into the mud and sand.

Their bills are long, too. Because shore birds blend with their surroundings in color, they are often difficult to see. They range in size from the heron, 42 to 50 inches long, to the least sandpiper, 5 to 6 inches long.

The sandpipers and sanderlings run along the water's edge and pick up insects. Their legs move so rapidly over the sand that they fairly twinkle. Every once in a while they stop and teeter up and down. It is for this reason that the spotted sandpiper is known as "teeter tilt-up." The striped and spotted backs of sandpipers make it difficult to see them. Besides, when they teeter they look like a part of the rippling waves. If they are startled they utter a clear "peet weet," and fly out over the water, only to wheel and return to the shore a short distance beyond.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the lonely beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
  The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
  The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
  Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
  One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
  Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
  Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
  He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
  The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight,
  When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
  To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
  The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
  Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—Celia Thaxter.

Everyone who has tried to feed or help birds knows what fun it is to watch them. You may have tried many of the ways that you are going to read about. What other ways of helping the birds are there?

ENTERTAINING THE BIRDS

Most birds work hard for their living. They dig worms out of the ground. They hunt flies and other insects. They explore trees for grubs. They forage for seeds and fruit. They take what they want and

what they can get, wherever they find it. They do not steal because they do not know the difference between wild cherries and cherries that are cared for in an orchard. They usually pay for what they take, although they do not know that they are paying. They pay by killing the many kinds of insects that would destroy the fruit if there were no birds to eat them.

In winter, after a heavy snowstorm, the birds that remain in the North are in great danger of starving. The worms and grubs are buried safe from the frost. The insects all are dead. The fruits have been gathered and the seeds are hidden by the snow. Unless people help the birds then, thousands of them may die in a long, hard winter.

There are several good reasons for helping the birds through the winter. One is that we need them in the summer to keep our fruit crops from insects. Another is that it is cruel to let helpless creatures suffer. Still another is that it is a great pleasure to make friends with the birds and to learn to know their pretty ways.

In large towns and cities where there are fewer birds, it is pleasant to entertain them in your own garden or on your porch or window sill. To do this, have a supply of seed ready before the first frosts come. Hemp and Japanese millet are eaten by most birds; but sunflower and canary seeds, squash and pumpkin

seeds, corn, oats, wheat, bread crumbs, cake or doughnut crumbs, dog-biscuit crumbs, and nuts are also liked. Nuts with hard shells must, of course, be cracked before they are put out. For birds that eat insects, suets or fresh fat pork make a good dinner.

If a little food is put out early in the season, the birds will gradually find it and will come more and more to look for it. At first there may be only a few, but these will bring others.

In tying the suet, unless you crisscross the string in several directions to make a sort of net, the suet may soon be knocked down from the branch. Be sure to tie the string so that birds shall not catch their claws in it. If you are not careful about this, a bird may be hurt or caught so that it will freeze to death.

It is better to put out only a little seed at a time and to put it out every day. In this way, if there is a storm, less is wasted, and the birds learn to come day after day to look for more.

If you would like to make bird shelters, houses, and tables, you can get directions by writing to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., which will send you a book of printed directions.

At Thanksgiving you can put out a feast for the birds. At Christmas, it is fun to make a birds' Christmas tree. Either a branch of freshly cut evergreen or

of one that is still growing may be used. It is a good plan to fill a little bag of coarse-meshed net with cracked nuts, suet, little chunks of fat bacon, crumbs, and so on, and hang these on the branch. For a special treat, you may add a stuffed cocoanut. Have a large hole cut in one side of the cocoanut, and fill it with bird food. Fat pork and walnuts make a delicious Christmas dinner.

If there is a cat in the neighborhood, be careful to protect the birds from it. One way is to put sheets of tin on the trees or on the posts of the bird tables so that the cat cannot climb up to catch the birds as they eat. Another way is to tie a bell on the cat's neck. Then the birds will hear her coming and will fly away.

—Adapted from "Entertaining Wild Birds," by Ernest H. Baynes.

RED RIDING-HOOD

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?

The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know:
May I not feed them on the snow?''
Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.
She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
''Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue jay
Before your supper's blown away!
Don't be afraid, we all are good
And I'm Mama's Red Riding-Hood!''

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

FABLES

It is said that thousands of years ago there lived in Greece a poor old man named Aesop. He was lame and friendless and a slave. But he thought a great deal, and to amuse himself and others he made up little stories that we now call fables. Some of these fables are about people, a few are about things, but most of them are about animals. The animals, however, behave so much like people that it is clear that Aesop is really thinking about people. It is only his little joke to pretend that his stories are about animals.

Since Aesop's time many persons have written fables. Some of the fables in this book are by Aesop and some are by other persons.

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

A thirsty ant, stooping over a spring to drink, fell in. But a dove sitting on a branch near by saw the poor little insect drowning. She broke off a leaf with her bill and let it drop into the water. The ant climbed upon the leaf and soon floated safely ashore. The dove had saved her life.

Some time after a woodsman saw the dove and crept up behind her with his net; but the grateful ant saw what he meant to do and bit him sharply in the heel. As the man jumped, he made the leaves rustle. The dove looked down and saw him and flew away. The ant had saved her life.

THE DONKEY THAT WISHED TO BE A PET

Once a donkey and a poodle belonged to the same master. The donkey lived in the stable. He had plenty of grain and hay and was as well off as any donkey could wish to be. The poodle lived in the house and was always playing tricks and getting tidbits and lying in his master's lap.

Now the donkey had to work to earn his keep. He had to carry wood and go on errands most of the

day. He thought it was not fair that the poodle should be idle about the house and lie in his master's lap.

So one day he broke loose and ran into the house. He kicked and pranced about and stood on his hind legs and upset the furniture. At first his master laughed and laughed to see a donkey try to do the tricks of a little dog. At last the donkey tried to climb into his master's lap. Then the man called for help. His servants ran in with sticks and drove the donkey back to the stable.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS

Hares are poor, timid creatures. But once on a time they were even more timid. Other animals chased them and killed them until they were almost discouraged. They began to think that it wasn't worth while to live if they had to be frightened all the time. One of them said: "Let's jump into the lake and drown ourselves. It is better to be dead than to be always in terror."

Off they scuttled as hard as they could. When they came to the shore of the lake, a shoal of little frogs on the bank, frightened almost to death, went plop, plop, plop, all over the water.

"Look here, brothers," said the hare who had run hardest, "there are animals in the world more timid

than ourselves. These frogs are afraid of us. Let's go home and try to be braver.''

So they all went back to their homes and tried not to be afraid.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

A group of boys were playing at the edge of a pond. In the water they saw a lot of little frogs and at once began to throw stones at them.

Some they had killed and many they had driven away before one of the poor frogs lifted his head above the water and cried out:

''Oh, boys, think a minute. It is fun for you but it is death for us.''

THE DISCONTENTED COLT

An old horse and a colt lived together in a meadow rich with grass and clover and other sweet plants that horses love. At the foot of the meadow was a stream full of delicious water.

One day the colt said to the old horse: ''Father, I think this place doesn't agree with me. The grass is poor, the clover is dry, the water is muddy, and the air doesn't suit my lungs. Let us travel and find a better place!''

''Very well!'' said the old horse. ''Come along.''

Then they trotted off together along the roads and up the mountains. At the end of the day they came to a place where there was not so much as a blade of grass or a sip of water.

"I am afraid that you will have to go to bed supperless," said the old horse.

All next day they wandered in search of food and water, but they found nothing better than a few briers growing near a muddy ditch. After a very few days the colt stopped galloping and neighing for joy. He was so tired, and hungry, and thirsty, that he could scarcely put one foot after another. Finally one evening they came to a meadow. It was too dark to see much, but they could feel the fresh grass under their feet and smell the clover and hear the little stream frolic over its stones.

"Was there ever so beautiful a place in the world!" said the colt. "It was worth while travelling so far to come to this."

When he looked about him in the morning, he found that they were home in the old meadow!

THE GOLDEN EGGS

There was once a man who had a wonderful goose. She laid a golden egg every day.

At first the man was well satisfied, but after a time he wished he could have two golden eggs a day or even more. At last he grew so greedy that he thought he would like to have all the golden eggs at once. So he killed the goose and cut her open to take out the golden eggs—and found that inside she was just like any other goose.

Today when people speak about some one who does a foolish thing because he is greedy, they say: "He killed the goose that laid golden eggs."

THE NARROW-NECKED JAR

There was once a boy who liked nuts. One day he found some in a narrow-necked jar. He put his hand into the jar and took a great handful of nuts. He had so many that his hand could not go through the narrow neck of the jar.

An old man standing by said: "If you take half as many, you will get them out twice as fast."

Who is going to care for us ?

HOW JIM'S MICE AND RABBITS WERE PASSED DOWN THE LINE

Out West
On the Trail

Dear Tony,

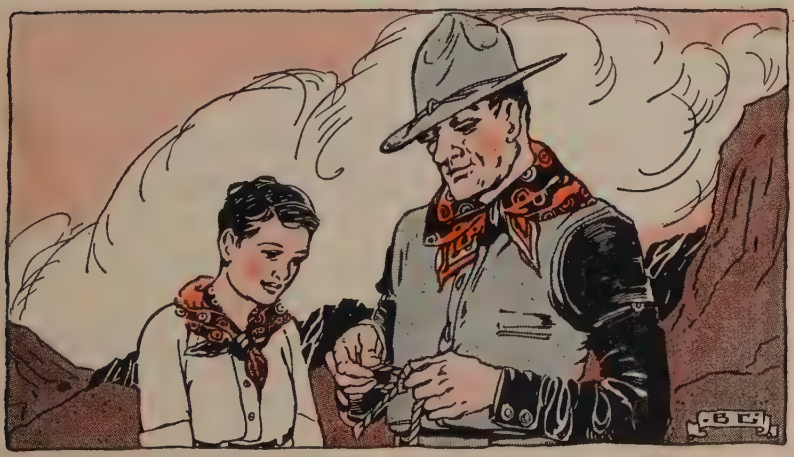
We are in camp now. We've camped out every night for three weeks. I'm off duty. I helped Father to feed and water the horses, while our bacon was frying. Now Father and Bob have gone to take a look at them before we turn in for the night. There is no grass for them up here, so we staked them near camp. Mother and Sally are writing home.

We came all the way on horses. These mountains don't have any trees on them near the top. Father says it's because they are so high. Bob and I pick up the wood we find during the day for our campfires. We never know when we shall camp in a rocky place like this, where there are no trees.

Lucky Dave is a cowboy friend of mine. We met him on the trail two days ago. He showed me how to make a reef knot. I'll show you some day if you take good care of the mice and rabbits until I get back. Lucky Dave made a pair of snowshoes for Sally's doll, and a tiny oxen yoke for Bob. He's going to make me something, but I don't know what it will be.

I'd like to stay here always.

JIM



On the Gulf
July 5, 1926

Dear Jimmie,

I am not at home as you think. I am South with Uncle Mike. We live near the Gulf on a shell road. I thought there would be shells on the road but I can't see one. They are ground up and the road looks like all the others. There are fine big trees to climb. The trees are live oaks, but they are not like the oaks at home. They have long gray "moss" hanging on them. I have enough "moss" to make beards for all of us when we play "Seven Dwarfs."

I went out on the Gulf for shrimps. They aren't pink until they are boiled. I don't like the look of them with all their legs and feelers on.

When the tide goes out, I find crabs and shells and things on the shore. I'll have a fine collection to show the boys. Tomorrow I am going to a cane field where sugar cane grows.

Billy is taking care of your rabbits and mice. I told him I'd bring him a lizard if he took good care of them.

Your friend,

Tony

Southport Island, Maine
July 15, 1926

Dear Tony,

Bring the lizard for Hans. He is taking care of Jim's rabbits and mice for me. I am with Aunt Adele on an island off the coast of Maine. There is water all around our island. I sailed around it to make sure. I was out sailing in a catboat when a squall struck us, and I wasn't sick a bit. And I've been up in the old lighthouse on the rocks. Do you know what makes the light red up there? The keeper puts a red chimney on the lamp, that's all. The foghorn is down at the foot of the lighthouse and it makes a hoarse noise day and night as long as the fog lasts. Then there is a bell-buoy that rings all the time out in the channel. It warns the sailors of three rocks that don't show except at low tide. We can't hear the bell unless the wind is off the sea.

I like the smell of Maine. There is the smell of pines and the smell of the ocean. Aunt Adele says that there isn't any smell to salt. She says it's the decaying ocean plants and animals that give the ocean the smell I like.

I have a pocketful of garnets that I dug out of the rocks. We can have them for real treasure and bury them and have a cipher to find them by.

I am going to a clambake this afternoon. I hope I can find some sand dollars and starfish when I am there. If I do I'll bring them home.

I hope you are having a fine time in the South.

BILLY

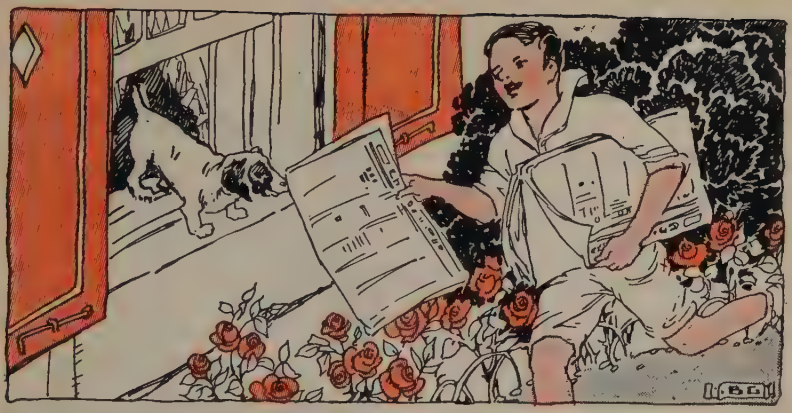
Coburn, Indiana
August 14, 1926

DEAR BILLY,

The rabbits are well and so are the mice. But there are more of them. There are six mice and there were eight more rabbits, but two died. Father says the jack rabbit will kill all the young if I don't put him alone. Jim forgot to give his address so I can't write to him about the new mice and rabbits.

When I come back from my paper route each morning I clean and feed the animals. Old Mrs. Pinky Nose isn't at all afraid of me. She walks up my sleeve and comes out at my collar, the way she does for Jim. But she won't stay away long from the babies. I've made her a new house, but she likes the old nest better.

Hank is going to sell me two fan-tail pigeons as soon as I finish making the pigeon house. Mother says I may have all the animals I wish to buy, if I feed them and give them good care. I'd like to buy that puppy you and I saw on Oak Street. When I throw the paper at the door in the morning he rushes to the win-



dow and barks at me. But he wags his tail at the same time. I think he knows me. We'll have to think of a name for him if I buy him. I wouldn't call such a trim dog Towser.

Larry's airplane stayed up five counts longer than any of the others, and he won the tin cup. Now I know how to balance my plane better.

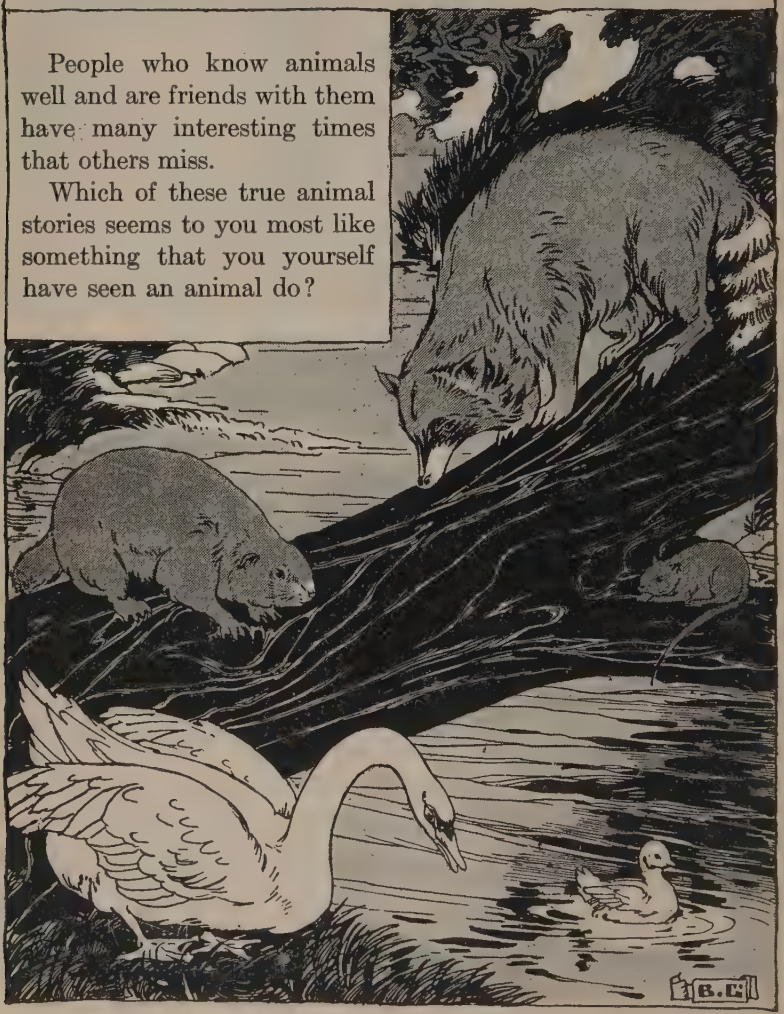
My Uncle Fritz has invited me to spend my Christmas week with him in the Northern Woods. He is in a lumber camp. I'd rather go there than any place I know. Mother says she will take care of my pets, if I can get some one to carry my papers. Will you do that for me? You can earn enough money to pay for some Christmas presents. I hope you will want to carry the papers, and that your father will let you.

HANS

BEING FRIENDS WITH ANIMALS

People who know animals well and are friends with them have many interesting times that others miss.

Which of these true animal stories seems to you most like something that you yourself have seen an animal do?



MICE

In the cold winter many wild creatures we know are not to be seen. Bears and woodchucks are then asleep. Raccoons sleep in the severest weather. Frogs and toads and snails lie silent under shelter. Ants and bees stay in their homes. Most of the birds have gone south. Only now and then squirrels run out for a nibble of food.

But most mice are as lively in winter as at other times.

House Mice

The house mice scamper in the walls. They feed upon flies, spiders, and wasps hidden for the winter. In the pantry mice do much damage. Besides, they nest in clothes and blankets. As they have a new family every two or three months, a house may soon be overrun with mice.

We like the big ears and bright eyes of house mice. We laugh at their whiskers and their long tails. But, although these mice are pretty creatures, they are mischievous and dirty. They carry fleas. In their fur and in their bodies they also carry germs that bring disease to man.

From Japan we get house mice that whirl round and round. They are called dancing mice. They are very amusing to look at.

Field Mice

Field mice run about in the most bitter weather. They make runways in the tall dead grass and under the snow. They eat roots and seeds and stems. They

gnaw the bark of fruit trees. The white-footed mice store nuts and grain. Sometimes they nest in bee trees and help themselves to the honey.

These mice can become great pests to the farmer, for they destroy his crops and burrow in his fields. He uses traps and poison and dogs to get rid of them. But there are wild animals that help him rid the fields of mice. Some of these are the fox, the weasel, and the snake.

Which birds that eat mice can you name?

A True Story of a Singing Mouse

There are a few mice that sing. They make a trilling sound a little like a bird's notes.

This is a true story of a wood mouse that sang.

Hespie was her name and she was a pet. She spent most of the day sleeping, but at night she sang as she ran in her revolving cage or wheel. This was great fun for her, and she liked it best when the wheel squeaked. Hespie's song was a soft, cheery warble, with many changes in it. She had one long song for her wheel and another which she seldom sang. Besides, she had snatches of songs. Often she played or ate and sang at the same time. Her favorite position when feeding was to sit on her hind legs and feed herself with her front paws. Hespie was dainty and graceful and liked attention; but she bit any one who touched her.

Two children had a game with Hespie which they called "hauling in the lines." Hespie never tired of playing it. The children fed her the end of a long cotton cord. She would sit upon her hind legs and take in the cord with her front paws, end over end, almost like a sailor. Then the children would slowly draw it out to see her haul it in again.

Hespie was great fun with her games and tricks,

but her low, bird-like warble made her dear to every one who heard her. —Adapted from "Animal Memoirs," by Samuel Lockwood.

WOODCHUCK WAYS

What Harold Saw

"How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood? A woodchuck would chuck as much wood as a woodchuck could chuck if he would."

Harold sang these lines to a woodchuck who sat sunning himself at the bottom of a ravine. The woodchuck was sitting up on his hind legs and tail. He put his head on one side and looked at Harold with his bright eyes. His hands hung limp in front of him.

"Father says that you have been in the clover and timothy fields again for food."

The woodchuck got down on all fours.

"And Mother says you visit the vegetable garden too often. What have you to say for yourself?"

The sluggish woodchuck had heard more than he cared to hear. He slowly waddled off. Harold did not follow just then. He thought he knew where in the upper hillside the woodchuck had burrowed his hole; because once, as he passed that way, he had seen dirt fly out of a hole. He had stood very still. Soon

B.E.

the woodchuck had backed out of the hole, kicking the loose soil out as he came. This woodchuck looked like the one that he had noticed then. The fur was a light brown; but the top of his head, his tail, and his feet were dark. His nose, chin, and cheeks were yellowish.

"How much soil would a woodchuck chuck?" Harold called after the awkward creature. But the woodchuck was gone.

He joggled down the ravine comfortably, for his sharp ears told him that no one followed. He did not enter his burrow by its secret door. That was his way of escape in time of danger. He pressed his ears close to his head so that no dust or dirt could get into them as he made his way down the long passage of the main entrance.

In about twenty-five feet he came to his living-room, nicely lined with grass and leaves. It was three feet below his favorite red-clover field. With a low whistling sound, the woodchuck settled down for a rest.

He had not been there half an hour when he heard music at the entrance of his burrow. As his curiosity was great, he went down the passage and poked his head out. There stood Harold, playing a mouth-organ. The woodchuck seemed to know that Harold

would not harm him. He listened awhile to the music; his dull face did not show whether he enjoyed it or not. Then he disappeared into the hole.

What His Father Told

That night Harold said to his father: "Tell me something about woodchucks, Father. Are they good for anything? I saw one old fellow down at the clover field today."

"Some people eat the flesh," said Mr. Bell, "but it is too strong and oily for me. The hide, tanned, makes good durable leather for whips. I've cracked many a one. I once had a cartridge bag made of this leather, and it wore better than any other I ever carried. But I'd rather not have the leather than keep the woodchucks. You know how they dig up the sand in the clover fields. The horses' feet catch in the holes and the machine gets caught, too."

"They are great diggers, aren't they?" said Harold.

"Many of the holes in the woods used by other wood animals are dug by woodchucks. When the woodchucks go into their winter quarters, they cover up the hole behind them. Unless water drives them out, they are not likely to be seen in winter. I have dug them up once in a while by accident, but a person

can't easily find where they are. In the spring they come up straight out of the ground, and not out of the hole they went in by. That they close, as I told you.

"But in winter they are the heaviest sleepers I know. You can't see them breathe! They roll up in a ball when October comes and they don't seem to know how to wake until spring. By that time they have used up all the fat on them. They are so thin and weak that, if they can't find fresh grass and other food, they starve."

"Poor things!" said Harold.

"When I was a little boy, we had a pet woodchuck called 'Chuckie.' He used to sit at table, in one of our chairs, with a napkin tied round his neck. Chuckie was well-behaved at the table; but when he smelled sweet rolls or other food he liked, he'd sing a purring song. His lips and nostrils quivered as he purred."

"Oh, Father, may I have a Chuckie?" cried Harold.

"Well, the young woodchucks won't be here until May," said Mr. Bell; "but if ever we find one who needs a home, we'll take him in."

—Nina Leubrie.

CURIOSITY

Curiosity, Mr. Dix's pet raccoon, was always getting into mischief because of his inquisitiveness, and was always forgiven because of his winning manners. If the house door was left open, he made a dash into the rooms and explored to the farthest corner. He could lift a barrel lid, uncork a bottle, and even turn a door knob.

When by chance he got into the pantry, he fingered everything and gorged himself with sugar and molasses.

"I must learn to keep my doors closed," Mr. Dix would say, "and then Curiosity can't upset the house."

Mr. Dix first saw the raccoon in a most unexpected place. There was a muskrat's old lodge in Mr. Dix's swamp. One side of it had been battered in, but most of the walls and the shelf within remained. One dark, cloudy day Mr. Dix noticed a raccoon resting on the shelf in the lodge. Now and then the animal thrust an arm into the water and dabbled something up and down. The something proved to be crayfish that the raccoon washed before eating.

"Dainty old fellow," said Mr. Dix, half to himself

and half aloud, "as usual, you wash your food before you eat it."

The raccoon pricked up his ears at the voice and then silently slid into the water. Only the tiniest bit of his nose showed, the rest of his body being wholly submerged.

"Come, come, I need a mouser at the barn, and you'd do better than half a dozen cats," said Mr. Dix. And he took the dripping raccoon to the farm. He was such a handsome and friendly little beast that he became the household pet and soon earned the name Curiosity. But he proved also to be a serviceable creature.

Mr. Dix used to say to the farmers: "You could afford not only to pay a raccoon in money for the work he does, but besides, you could afford to give him the sweet corn and chickens he takes now and then. He eats more beetles and mice and moles than any farmer would care to count."

Curiosity did not hibernate as raccoons in the wilds do. But he spent the greater part of the day in winter dozing comfortably; at dusk he became wide-awake and all night long he prowled over the farm and rid it of pests.

One day Mr. Dix noticed a vicious pinching beetle walk straight to the raccoon.

"Ah, what are we going to see now?" thought Mr. Dix.

Curiosity had an eye on the approaching insect. He suddenly picked it up, washed it in a pan of water, and then without looking at the beetle threw it from paw to paw for at least ten minutes. In all that time he looked anywhere but at the angry beetle, and yet he was never pinched.

Another time, a valuable hunting dog came to the farm. The raccoon went up to the dog and kissed him. It appeared they were going to be friends. But for some unknown reason Curiosity suddenly became as ugly as a wild raccoon. He leaped upon the dog and caught his hind claws into its hair; then he tore the dog's flesh with his front claws and teeth until Mr. Dix rescued the poor creature.

He never forgot his tricks of the wild. In an angry mood he would drown a dog if he got it out into the water. As the dog swam about, Curiosity would jump upon its back, roll over in the water and use all his claws and his teeth to pull it under.

Although Curiosity weighed only twenty pounds, he could throw a dog three times his size. This was because of his quick movements and his powerful arms and shoulders.

When Curiosity was about five years old, Mr. Dix

had to leave the farm for several weeks. He chained the raccoon to keep him from mischief and gave him a boxful of shiny tin and nickel toys to play with. Curiosity liked the toys, but he objected to the chain. He ran back and forth until he wore it down. One night he broke the chain and escaped to the woods. Mr. Dix and his family never saw him again.

—Nina Leubrie.

A WATCH-DOG GOOSE

Goosey Golden Eye was Mr. Erdman's pet goose. When he left the house, she walked by his side down the path as far as the road and talked to him in a low voice. Then she returned to the doorstep.

If any one came to the house when the family was out in the fields, Goosey Golden Eye always gave warning in a loud voice.

"Some one is at the house," Mr. Erdman would say. "Run quick! Goosey Golden Eye is calling us." They knew she would be gentle with all children, but savage toward other strangers.

One day a neighboring farmer came to visit the Erdmans. Goosey Golden Eye lay in her chosen place just outside the door. As the farmer passed her, she grabbed him by the leg of his overalls and held him fast as she cried her warning.

"What kind of watchdog have you here?" the man called to Mr. Erdman.

At the noise of his goose, Mr. Erdman ran to the house. When Goosey Golden Eye saw that the farmer was welcome, she released him and quietly lay dowr again in her place at the door.

—Nina Leubrie.

ADOPTING A BABY SWAN

I

A pair of swans living on the River Thames had great trouble in hatching their eggs. They always built their nest in a place where the tide rose and floated away their eggs. So they never had any baby swans.

But one year the mother swan managed to keep on her nest long enough to hatch one egg. The day after the little swan was hatched, its mother took it for a swim. If she had been a good mother, she would have watched to see when it was tired; then she would have put out her broad, webbed foot for it to step on and so climb up on her back to rest. She did not do this; but the poor little one followed her about as well as it could. When she went back to the nest it managed to climb up after her.

The next day, she took the young swan for a swim when the water in the river was low. When they came

back, there was a great muddy bank to be climbed before they could get to the nest.

The baby swan scrambled up part way and then rolled down and fell on its back in the mud. There it

lay and kicked. It could not turn over or get itself out of the mud. It was nearly choked. The father and mother swans watched it kicking but did not try to help it.

Even when some people came and pulled it out of the mud, the old swans only took it to the top of the bank and let it roll down again.

When this had happened three times, the people decided that the swans did not care for their baby. So they took it home with them and adopted it. They washed it clean, dried it, and put it to bed with a hot-water bottle. Soon it was sound asleep.

It awoke, dry and warm, looking as if it were dressed in a coat of gray plush. It was hungry and called loudly for food, but it would not eat a morsel of anything that was given to it.

If it had stayed in the river with its mother, this is the way she would have fed it. She would have pulled up water weeds and scattered them on the water. Then she would have called the baby to its meal. On these water weeds is a kind of slime, which is full of fish eggs and the larvæ of snails and other water creatures and the young of insects. All these in the slime make a kind of river soup. This slime is what the baby swan eats. It takes a water weed in its beak and sucks and works away at it to get the slimy food. This is called "bibbling."

The people who adopted the baby swan could not find these water weeds. They tried to feed the little fellow on the tips of young rosebushes covered with green blight. The blight was a poor substitute for the river food. The little swan sucked and bibbled hard, but it did not get enough to keep it alive.

So its new parents bought some duck meal, which is used for feeding young wild ducks. They mixed it with muddy water, and made the bird swallow it. The little swan made such a fuss, sputtering and spitting it out, that the lady who was feeding it had to wear an apron up to her chin. Then whenever a bit of the meal fell on the bird's fluff, it would stop eating and begin to wash itself. Finally, to keep it clean and not too miserable while it was eating, they tied a bib on it. It would take very little food at a time, and would wake up in the night, very hungry and crying bitterly. For three days it nearly wore out the kind people who had adopted it.

II

Then they happened to notice that as it sat on the grass it put down its beak to taste the drops of rain that had fallen in a shower. They got a saucer and mixed in it a pinch of the duck meal with plenty of water, set it before the baby swan, and dipped its beak into the mixture. The bird squeaked crossly but seemed to like the food. Soon it went back to the saucer and began to bibble as if it had known how to do it all its life. From that time they had no more trouble with its food. It would sit down happily to its saucer of meal, then get up, shake its ridiculous

little wings, and walk off to its basket or sit down by the person who had fed it.

Several times a day the little swan would oil and brush itself. It used not only its beak but also the back of its head, with which it rubbed every part of its body. If it was too wet to get dry quickly, it was pleased to be dried with a towel. It liked to have a bath in the bathtub. But as it was swimming about, if the water ran out so that it could no longer see over the top of the tub, it shrieked.

It loved to climb. It would climb up on the lap of its new mother, but it liked better to sit on her shoulder. It made friends with a setter who lived in the house, and liked to climb on his back and sit there.

At eleven o'clock at night it had its supper, which it always ate by lamplight on a balcony. It was then quite ready to go to sleep in a basket of hay, with the lid shut down, in which it would talk itself to sleep. Unlike its parents, who were "mute swans," it was seldom quiet. It had all sorts and kinds of notes, from a most contented little pipe up to a doleful and complaining shriek, as, for instance, when it first saw a cat. The happier it was, the more syllables it used, until, when very contented and half asleep, it twittered almost like a swallow.

After a time, the adopted bird was shown to its

swan parents. They seemed to want it back. But the people who had adopted it knew that they would only let it tumble again and perhaps kill itself on the muddy bank. So they sent to another place for a larger young swan that had learned to take care of itself. This the father and mother swan adopted and for half an hour or so they all swam about together, like a very happy family. Then suddenly the father swan tried to run down and kill the adopted child.

The people who had adopted the little swan saved its life and kept the two young birds together. The little one showed the other how to eat duck meal out of a soup plate. And although the larger bird was five times its size, the baby pecked it when it got in the way.

The kind people thought one baby swan in the family was enough trouble. They sent the larger one back to its father and mother and brothers and sisters. For a week all went well. Then the father of the large young swan drove it away from home, and the poor thing was found living in a ditch by itself.

So the people brought it back to live with the little foundling, and the two of them had a garden and a pool all to themselves.

—Adapted from "Animal Artisans," by Charles J. Cornish.

A HALLOWE'EN SURPRISE

Little Mrs. Dingle lived alone at the far end of the town. She lived in a small brown cottage, with a large yard and garden. There she grew cabbages, corn, and other vegetables; but she had to work hard to get enough to eat.

Mrs. Dingle was a timid little old lady. She was afraid of boys. She had no sons of her own. On Hallowe'en she was especially afraid that the boys of the neighborhood would play tricks on her.

Sometimes they did play tricks on her. They came to her house and rang her bell. They carried off her gate and left it in a field far down the road. She had to pay a man to bring it back to her, as it was too heavy for her to carry. When the gate was off, cows and pigs would stray in and eat up her vegetables.

One day as she was frying doughnuts and baking pumpkin pies she remembered that that night would be Hallowe'en. It was the pumpkin that reminded her. She had no pumpkins in her garden; but a neighbor had come in with a dish of it, and said: "Make yourself some nice pumpkin pies for Hallowe'en. I have given the boys the shells to make lanterns of."

So little Mrs. Dingle remembered and was frightened. She wondered what the boys would do to her.

When evening came, she took in all her brooms and her mop and pails. She was afraid the boys would hide those as they had done before.

After a while she heard the boys shouting and clattering down the street. Then they were still, and she thought that they were hiding and waiting their chance to come near and do all the mischief they could. She looked out to see whether her gate was safe. When she saw it swinging open in the moonlight, she knew that the boys had come in and must be somewhere about the yard. She had closed the gate very carefully before dark. She looked through the window a long time, but nothing happened.

At last she thought she heard a sound of chopping at the back of the house. She ran to the kitchen window. There she saw dark figures moving about. She must have forgotten to lock the woodshed door. There was a light inside and the sound of chopping seemed to come from there, although the door was closed.

She returned to the front window. The gate was still on its hinges, but she saw several dark figures moving about. She could not tell what they were doing. She wanted to know but she could not make up her mind to go out and see. But at last, as the noise continued, she took courage and putting a shawl over her head went to the woodshed.

As she opened the back door, she heard a shrill whistle, the light went out in the woodshed, and the noise stopped.

She returned to the kitchen, lighted a lantern, and went out again. As she opened the woodshed door and held up her light, the first thing she saw was a great pile of chopped wood. The next was a great pile of dry twigs for lighting fires. The third was the face of a boy hiding behind it.

"Come out," said the old woman, "and tell me wnat you've been up to."

Nobody came out and nobody answered, but there was a giggle, then another, until all over the woodshed somebody seemed to be giggling.

Mrs. Dingle stood at the door and held up her lantern. She could not see any boys outside, but she saw that the grass between the shed and the house had been raked clean of leaves. She had been meaning for a week to rake them away, but was stiff with rheumatism. Then she turned and looked at the great pile of wood, and remembered how many times she had had backache from chopping wood. Then she saw what the boys had been up to.

She said loudly, "I have some work for any boy who comes to the kitchen."

She went away. No one answered, but she heard whispers and giggles behind her.

She went to her pantry and got down the great stone jar of doughnuts. She did not have long to wait. In a minute the kitchen seemed to be full of boys. There might have been eight or ten of them—I don't know. She gave each of them two doughnuts, and then she cut up two of her pumpkin pies for them.

And when they went away, one of them carefully shut the gate behind them.

If you ask me how the boys came to think of such a Hallowe'en surprise, I shall have to say that I don't know. For, you see, the story really happened, and if the boys ever told any one, they did not tell me.

WHO PAID THE SIXPENCE?

One day a dwarf knocked at the door of a house where a stingy woman lived.

"Can you lend me a pan, Mother?" he said. "We have a wedding in the hill today. All our pots are in use."

The stingy woman went to her cupboard. She took out an old leaky pan with a hole in it. She knew that the dwarfs were neat and nimble workers, and she thought that the pan would come back mended. So she would save herself paying sixpence to the tinker for mending it.

The dwarf thanked her and took the pan. In a few days he returned it, neatly mended. At supper-time the woman's maid filled the pan with milk and set it on the stove. Hot bread and milk was the children's supper. In a few minutes the milk was so badly smoked and burned that it had to be thrown away. Even the grunting, greedy pigs refused to take it.

"You good-for-nothing girl!" cried the woman. "You have spoiled a whole quart of milk."

"A quart of milk costs twopence," said a queer small voice from the chimney.

The woman filled the pan herself and set it on the stove. The second quart of milk was on the stove

only a minute. It boiled over and was spoiled as before.

"The pan must be dirty!" said the woman, very angry now. "Two whole quarts of milk are spoiled. What a waste!" she cried.

"Two quarts of milk cost fourpence," said the same queer small voice from the chimney.

The woman scrubbed the mended pan thoroughly, filled it with milk again, and set it on the fire. In a minute more good milk was spoiled.

The woman burst into tears. "Never before did such a thing happen to me! Three quarts of milk spoiled in getting one meal!"

"Three quarts of milk cost sixpence," said the same queer small voice from the chimney. "You have paid the sixpence after all for having your pan mended."

Then the funny little dwarf came tumbling down the chimney and ran away laughing through the door.

From that time on, the mended pan was as good as any other.

—Adapted from Juliana Horatia Ewing.

FAIRY LIFE

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

—William Shakespeare.

THE FAIRY FOLK

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back
  Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag leaves,
  Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
  For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  As dig one up in spite?
He shall find the thornies set
  In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather.

—William Allingham.

WOLF CUB'S THREE DAYS' PLAYING

I

The Indian boy, Wolf Cub, standing outside the tipi, felt the cold morning wind that swept over the plain. It made him shiver, but he laughed. He did not fear the winter weather.

"Hi-yi!" he called shrilly.

With answering yells, from other tipis other copper-skinned boys ran to him. There were Deerfoot, the swift runner; Little Bear, the fat and jolly one; Fox, the quick and cunning; and Eagle Feather, son of the chief.

Wolf Cub pointed to men on horseback, riding away.

"There go the braves and the big boys on a three days' hunt," said Wolf Cub. "When they come back, they will play games, and we shall have to run and carry for them. This is a good day for games. Who will play?"

"I," boasted Eagle Feather, "I can shoot an arrow farther than any one else."

"I," said Fox, "can throw my darts through the center of the hoop."

"I," said Little Bear, holding out his hand with a wooden top on the open palm, "I can spin my top the longest."

Wolf Cub thought of the long snow snakes of polished wood that his father had in the tipi. But those were for the days after the snow came. Therefore he only said, "Let's play our games and see who wins."

The door flap of the tipi opened, and Wolf Cub's sister, Little Bee, looked out.

"Are they going to play games that we can join?" her bright black eyes questioned.

"Go back in," commanded her brother sternly. "These are no girls' games. Get your dolls, or play double ball. Make yourselves little spinning-tops of seed-berries."

The flap closed again, but laughter sounded within. "The boys think they are men, now the braves are gone," said the voice of Little Bee's best friend.

Wolf Cub pretended he had not heard. "What game first?" he asked the boys.

"You lead," said Little Bear.

"Three days' playing, then," said Wolf Cub. "First, the bow and arrows."

Away they all ran. When they returned, each boy had his own bow and five arrows. Little Bear held in his arms a ball of grass wound round and round a piece of bark. Together they went to the playground the men used for their games.

Wolf Cub said to Eagle Feather, "You boasted you could shoot best. Set the target and hit it."

The chief's son took from among his arrows one that was painted black. He shot it up into the air so that it descended point down, and stood upright in the earth. Then he shot at this mark his four arrows, one after another. The first went wide of the mark, carried by a gust of wind. The second and third struck the ground just short of the target. The fourth barely touched the feather tip of the black arrow. Silent and disappointed, Eagle Feather stepped back.

Next came Fox. His first shot carried off a bit of feather, the second hit a glancing blow.

"Next time," he thought, "I will splinter the black arrow." But he could not hit it again.

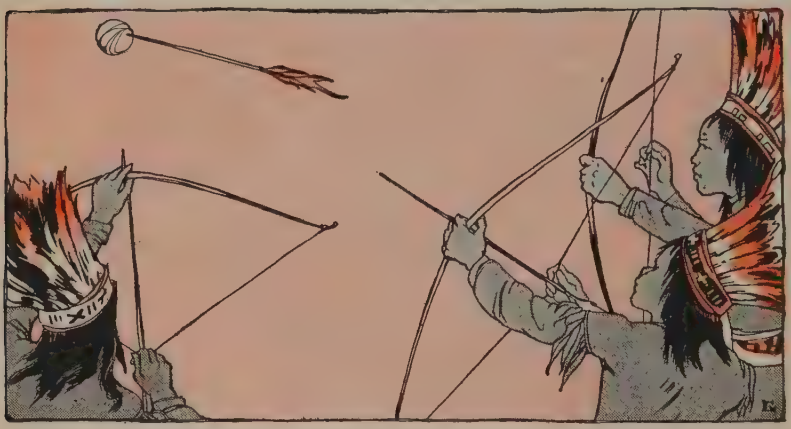
Little Bear, knowing he was not so good a marksman, took aim slowly and carefully. His first arrow went far to one side. But he tried again; and twice, as Fox had done, he just touched the target.

Deerfoot drew his bow promptly. His first shot hit the black arrow, his second carried it away. After setting his own target, he had two more trials. His fourth shaft touched the tip.

Wolf Cub tightened his bowstring and looked carefully to his arrows. His first shot took off the feather tip of the target, the second split the shaft, and the

third sent the pieces flying. Then he showed his real skill, when he shot his own black arrow into the ground and swiftly, before it had stopped quivering, hit it fairly with his last shaft.

Little Bear, who had picked up the ball of grass, ran out into the center of the playing ground with it, tossing it into the air. He had been very quick, but



the boys were ready. They took aim, and the ball fell to the ground with two arrows sticking in it. Little Bear seized it, looking carefully to see if either arrow had gone through the mark they called the heart. Neither one had. "Fox," he said, "your arrow went deeper."

Fox took the ball, and threw it so high that it topped any shot the boys made.

Deerfoot threw the ball next. When he picked it up he shouted, "Eagle Feather's arrow is in the heart!"

"Can you do better?" asked the chief's son of Wolf Cub.

"Toss the ball, and I'll try," replied Wolf Cub, adjusting his bow.

Eagle Feather threw the ball high into the air. Wolf Cub's arrow not only pierced the mark, but broke off the one Eagle Feather had shot.

Again Wolf Cub had won.

Across the field sounded the high voice of Wolf Cub's mother. He ran to see what she wanted.

"Great player of games," she said, "run now and get me dry grass to fill the chinks at the bottom of the tipi. The winter winds blow through our house. Run, and when you come back, I will give you some deer meat."

"No work for a warrior," thought Wolf Cub. But he had to remember that he was not yet a warrior. So he pulled dry grass for his mother, and she used it to chink in all the little openings between the pegs at the bottom of the tipi. When he had finished, he was quite hungry enough to eat the deer-meat she had promised him.

II

Later, when he came out again, he found the other boys with their clubs and balls, but they did nøt look happy.

"We can't play with only five boys," said Fox.

"Let the girls play," suggested good-natured Little Bear. But no one wanted to do that.

Keen-eyed Eagle Feather pointed in the direction of the river. "Horses," he said, "and riders."

The five boys watched the riders approaching. By and by they recognized them.

"Boys from the camp of White Bear, across the river!" cried Fox joyfully. "Six of them!"

Wolf Cub went out to meet them as they came near. "Will you play ball with us?" he asked. "We are having three days of games. We want to play ball, and we haven't boys enough."

"We are going to our traps," answered Many Hides, the largest boy among the newcomers, "but we will play one game if you will get us sticks."

Two boys hurried away to find more clubs. These clubs were long sticks of hard wood, curved at the end. With them the Indians played a game like shinny, knocking a ball over the ground or the ice. The ball was made of buckskin stuffed with rags of old skins.

Ten boys trooped to the field, laughing and boasting. They set up stakes for goal posts. The object of the game was to send the ball between the stakes on the opponents' side.

Wolf Cub looked around him. "Where is the other boy?" he asked. "Six riders came."

"There he comes now, limping," said Many Hides. "Magpie has been lame ever since his pony threw him."

"He can be umpire," said Wolf Cub.

Magpie, taking his place between the two sides, put the ball on the ground in the center of the field. Then he gave the signal, and limped off to one side as fast as he could.

Swiftly the players ran to the ball. Many Hides's party reached it first, and one of them struck a blow with his curved stick that sent it close to Wolf Cub's goal. Everybody ran toward it, boys falling over one another and hitting one another's shins. Finally Little Bear sent it over toward the other goal. First to reach it was Deerfoot, who thought he could easily drive it beyond the stakes. He found, however, that it had fallen into a hole. According to the rules of the game, he might push it out with his foot. But by the time he had done so, the boys were upon him.

So the game continued, neither side winning.

At last some one struck the ball straight toward Wolf Cub's goal. The players rushed after it. Suddenly Red Owl, most cunning of Many Hides's team, cried out, "There it goes!" and pointed off in the opposite direction.

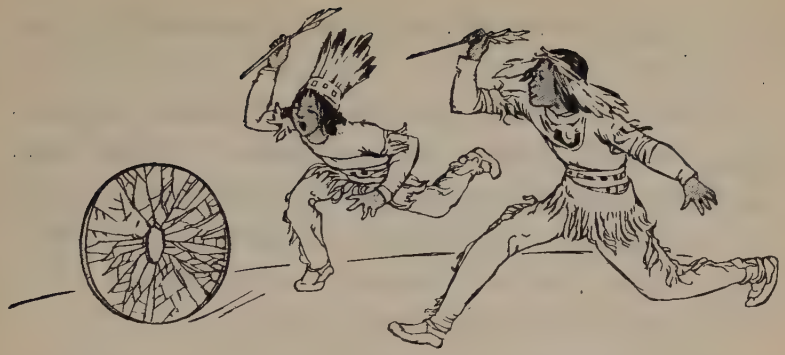
Wolf Cub, watching, saw that Red Owl looked down at his foot, and that he did not run with the rest. Then he understood. He ran into Red Owl full force from behind, knocking him over on his face. And there, where Red Owl's foot had been, lay the ball, in a little hollow. Before the boys who had run to the other side of the field could know what had happened, Wolf Cub had struck the ball toward Many Hides's goal, and was running after it, hitting it down the field, until, with a last good stroke, he sent it over the heads of the on-coming players and straight between the stakes.

"You play good ball, and tricks can't fool you," said Many Hides. "Some day, though, we will come again, and beat you." With that, the visitors jumped on their ponies and galloped away toward the foothills.

So ended the first day's games.

III

On the morning of the second day, when the boys went out to the playing-ground, Wolf Cub rolled before



him a sort of hoop covered with a network of deerskin thongs, and each boy carried a sheaf of light darts.

They ran on until they came to a place where the ground sloped downward a little. There Wolf Cub stopped. He remembered that Fox had boasted of his skill with hoop and dart.

"Now," he said to him, "let's see what you can do."

Fox started the hoop rolling. With dart raised for throwing, he sped along just behind it. The other boys followed, throwing as they ran, aiming at the open center of the network. Few could strike the hoop at all. At last one of Fox's darts did go through a mesh near the rim, and the hoop fell.

The game is not an easy one. Many a time Wolf Cub had watched the men playing, and many a time he had practised alone, and never yet had he hit the

center space. Over and over again the boys tried, unsuccessfully.

At last Wolf Cub found himself running opposite Eagle Feather, the hoop between them. At the same moment, each launched a dart. Both darts pierced the middle space, and the hoop fell part way over, supported by the two shafts crossed in the middle.

"A tie!" shouted the other boys.

While they were playing, the sky had darkened in storm and the wind had grown colder. The boys gathered up their darts and ran back to the village.

"Let's play indoor games," said Deerfoot.

So they played the games the Indians keep for the long winter evenings. Two of the boys joined the old men around the fire of a tipi, in a game somewhat like our "hunt the button," the "button" being a piece of wood wrapped round with rabbit fur. Two others played what we call cat's cradle, making with string on their fingers difficult patterns to which they gave such names as Double Star, Carrying Wood, or Coyotes Running Apart. This was among the Indians a game for grown-up men as well as for children. They used to say that the Spider People taught their ancestors how to play it. While the other boys played these

games, Eagle Feather sat by himself making a great humming noise with a buzz of bone and sinew.

After a while Wolf Cub and his friends, hoping that the change in the weather meant snow, set about painting their tops and braiding new lashes for their whips.

IV

In the night, as they had hoped, the river froze over and snow fell. When the boys came out in the morning, the ground was white. Wolf Cub had to pull his robe of wolf skins around him to keep himself warm.

Every boy carried a wooden top painted in bright colors. Wolf Cub's was yellow above and blue below. Deerfoot's was striped with red and yellow. Eagle Feather's, brought to him by his father from some distant place, had a scalp lock on top.

First the boys cleared a space on the ice of the river. In this space, Deerfoot drew with a sharp stone a square measuring about five feet on a side. One side he left open.

The boys started their tops spinning in a row opposite this open side. Using their whips to keep them in motion, they tried to drive them into the square. Once a boy had driven his top inside, he could hold the square until the top fell over or ran outside the line.

Deerfoot's was the first to go spinning gaily in.

But just as gaily it spun out again, and Deerfoot gave way to Fox, whose top had been whirling steadily at the edge and now went inside. Flicking his whip lightly, Fox kept the top near the center of the square, and the other three boys, waiting their chance, thought it would go on spinning forever. But at last it toppled over. Little Bear was ready, and his bright red top held the square till it hit a ridge of snow.

At the same time, the chief's son and Wolf Cub drove their tops inside the lines. The boys managed their whips so cleverly that it seemed neither could lose. At last Wolf Cub stepped back, thinking he would see how long the top would keep going by itself. At that moment, the lash of Eagle Feather's whip caught in the flying scalp lock, and his top was out.

After that, the boys ran foot races on the ice. You can imagine how funny they looked, slipping and falling and rolling about. At last, tired of play, they wrapped themselves up in their robes and ran back to the warm fires in the tipis.

V

In the afternoon the sun came out, shining brightly on the snow. "It is going to be warmer," prophesied one of the old men.

Wolf Cub, hearing him, shouted "Hi-yi!" and the boys came running.

"While there is snow," he said, "and before our fathers come home, let's slide the snow snakes."

Sliding the snow snakes was a favorite winter game, and the boys were glad of a chance to try their skill in the absence of the older boys, who might laugh at them. They ran and got their fathers' snow snakes and followed Wolf Cub to the river bank.

There they packed a low mound of snow. Then, with shouts, they seized fat Little Bear by the legs, and in spite of his squeals and struggles, pulled him over the snow from the top of the mound to the edge of the ice. Thus they made a track for the snakes to slide on.

The snow snakes were long rods of hard wood, carved a little to look like snakes, and polished smooth. The head end, somewhat thicker than the rest of the stick, curved upward slightly, like the runner of a skate. By throwing the snake in a certain way, a man could make it go fast and far.

Deerfoot stepped forward first to the mound of snow. Placing three fingers of his left hand under the snake well toward the head, he took firm hold of the small end, or tail, with the thumb and first two fingers of his right hand, holding the snake almost horizontally. He gave it a start by running it up the side of the mound. It went speeding down the other side and far out on the ice.

Fox tried next. Down the slope glided his snake, and across the ice of the river, and half up the bank.

"A good throw," said Wolf Cub. "Can you do better, Little Bear?"

Little Bear could. His snake followed the other two all the way across, and came to rest against a snow-covered bush.

Next came Eagle Feather. Off shot his beautifully carved snake across the shining ice. When it reached the opposite bank, it turned aside and then stopped almost even with Little Bear's.

Last of all, Wolf Cub took his place at the mound. With a beautiful smooth motion, his snake slid straight across the river, never stopping, hardly slowing its speed when it came to the snow on the bank, and running easily up the incline many feet farther than the others had gone.

Before they could run to bring back the snow snakes for another trial, the boys heard laughing and cheering behind them. There were their fathers and the older boys, who, returning from the hunt, had ridden up to watch them.

"A fine throw!" said Eagle Feather's father, praising Wolf Cub.

"Wolf Cub has won all the games, except hoop and

dart,'' said Deerfoot. ''Eagle Feather was just as good in that.''

''We played games three days,'' explained the chief's son, ''shooting with arrows, hoop and dart, top-spinning, and snow snake. Always Wolf Cub was first.''

''The snow snake is yours to keep,'' Wolf Cub's father told him.

''Wolf Cub will be a great warrior and hunter,'' said the braves.

Eagle Feather leaped up on the horse behind his father as they turned to ride to the village. In his heart he was disappointed and angry. His father knew that, and so he said, ''Wolf Cub is strong and skilful.''

''So am I,'' said Eagle Feather. ''But he always wins.''

''You have no reason to be ashamed,'' answered his father. ''If he is better than you are, watch him, learn from him, and some day do better. Then you will both be great warriors.''

Afterward, as the braves sat around the fires, and the squaws worked upon the meat and skins brought by the hunters, Eagle Feather joined the other boys in telling how Wolf Cub won the three days' games.

—Mabel Dean.

INDIAN STORIES FROM THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

I

The Groundhog Dance

Seven wolves once caught a groundhog. They said: "Now we'll kill you and have something to eat."

The groundhog said: "When we find good food, we should rejoice over it, as people do in the green-corn dances. You will kill me, and I cannot help myself. But if you want to dance, I'll sing for you. Now this is a new dance. I will lean up against seven trees in turn. You will dance forward and then go back. At the last turn you may kill me."

Now the wolves were very hungry, but they wanted to learn the new dance. The groundhog leaned up against a tree and began to sing. He sang:

"Ho wi ye a hi"

and all the wolves danced forward. When he shouted *"Yu!"* they turned and danced back in line.

"That's fine," said the groundhog, after the first

dance was over. Then he went to the next tree and began the second song. He sang:

"Hi ya yu we,"

and the wolves danced forward. When he shouted *"Yu!"* they danced back in a straight line.

At each song, the groundhog took another tree, getting closer and closer to his hole under a stump. At the seventh song, the groundhog said:

"Now this is the last dance. When I shout *'Yu!'* all come after me. The one who gets me may have me."

Then he sang a long time, until the wolves were at quite a distance in a straight line. Then he shouted *"Yu!"* and darted for his hole.

At once the wolves turned and were after him. The foremost wolf caught his tail and gave it such a jerk he broke it off. That is why the groundhog has such a short tail.

II

Songs of the Mother Bears

One day a hunter in the woods heard singing in a cave. He came near and peeped in. It was a mother bear singing to her cubs and telling them what to do when the hunters came after them.

Mother Bear said:

When you hear the hunter coming down the creek, then
Tsagi, tsagi, hwilahi,
Tsagi, tsagi, hwilahi,
Upstream, upstream, you must go.
Upstream, upstream, you must go.

But if you hear them coming downstream,
Ge-i, ge-i, hwilahi,
Ge-i, ge-i, hwilahi,
Downstream, downstream, you must go.
Downstream, downstream, you must go.

Another hunter out in the woods one day thought he heard a woman singing to a baby. He followed the sound up a creek until he came to a cave under the bushes. Inside there was a mother bear rocking her cub in her paws and singing to it,

Let me carry you on my back,
Let me carry you on my back,
Let me carry you on my back,
Let me carry you on my back,
On the sunny side go to sleep.
On the sunny side go to sleep.

—Katharine B. Judson.

HIAWATHA

Hiawatha was a little Indian boy who lived hundreds of years ago. If you like this story, there is a whole book of poems telling interesting things he did, which you will want to read some day.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

Hiawatha's Childhood

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,

Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"
Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war clubs,
Flaring far away to northward

In the frosty nights of winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,

Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered,
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha

Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,

Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!''
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
''Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!''
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
''Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!''
Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
''Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!''
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
''Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!''
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,

To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder bushes;
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,

But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

Hiawatha's Sailing

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,

For the summer time is coming
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!''
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
While the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, ''Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!''
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
''Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!''
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
''Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,

Make more strong and firm beneath me!''

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
''Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!''

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

''Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!''

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
''Take them all, O Hiawatha!''

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

''Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!

Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!''

And the Fir Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
''Take my balm, O Hiawatha!''

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

''Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!''

From the hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
''Take my quills, O Hiawatha!''

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,

Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the Birch Tree,
All the toughness of the Cedar,
All the Larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THANKSGIVING IN 1779

This account of Thanksgiving Day is taken from a letter which a little girl named Juliana Smith wrote to her cousin Betsey almost a hundred and fifty years ago.

This year it was Uncle Simeon's turn to have the dinner at his house, but of course we all helped them as they help us when it is our turn, and there is always enough for us all to do. The baking of pies and cakes was done at our house, and we had the big oven heated and filled twice a day for three days before it was all done. Everything was *good*, though we did have to do without some things that ought to be used. Neither love nor money could buy raisins, but our red cherries dried without the pits did almost as well, and happily Uncle Simeon still had some spices in store.

The tables were set in the dining-hall and even that big room had no space to spare when we were all seated. The servants had enough ado to get around the tables and serve us without oversetting things. There were our two grandmothers side by side. They are always handsome old ladies, but now, many thought, they were handsomer than ever, and happy they were to look around upon so many of their descendants. Uncle and Aunt Simeon presided at one table, and father and mother at the other.

Of course we could have no roast beef. None of us have tasted beef this three years back, as it must go to the army; and too little they get, poor fellows.

But Nayquittymaw's hunters were able to get us a fine red deer, so that we had a haunch of venison on each table. Each was balanced by a huge chine of roast pork at the other end of the table. Then there was on one a big roast turkey, and on the other a goose and two big pigeon pastries. There was also an abundance of vegetables of the old sorts and one which I do not believe you have yet seen. Uncle Simeon had imported the seed from England just before the war began, and only this year was there enough for table use. It is called celery, and you eat it without cooking. It is very good, served with meats. Next year Uncle Simeon says he will be able to raise enough to give us all some. It has to be taken up, roots and all, and buried in earth in the cellar through the winter. You pull it up only when you want it to use.

Our mince pies were good, although we had to use dried cherries, as I told you, and the meat was haunch of venison instead of beef. The pumpkin pies, apple tarts, and big Indian puddings lacked nothing save appetites by the time we had got round to them.

There was no plum pudding, but a boiled suet pudding, stirred thick with dried plums and cherries, was called by the old name, and answered the purpose. All the other spices had been used in the mince pies, and so for this pudding we used a jar of West India

preserved ginger which chanced to be left of the last shipment which Uncle Simeon had from there. We chopped the ginger small and stirred it through with the plums and cherries. It was *extraordinarily* good.

The day was bitter cold, and when we got home from meeting, which father did not keep over long by reason of the cold, we were glad enough of the fire in uncle's dining-hall. But by the time dinner was half over, those of us who were on the fire side of one table were forced to get up and carry our plates with us around to the far side of the other table, while those who had sat there were as glad to bring their plates around to the fireside to get warm. The old ladies had a screen put to their chairs.

Uncle Simeon was in his best mood, and you know how good that is. He kept both tables in a roar of laughter with his droll stories of the days when he was studying medicine in Edinburgh. Afterward, he and father and Uncle Paul joined in singing hymns and ballads. You know how finely their voices go together. Then we all sang a hymn, and my dear father led us in prayer, remembering the absent friends. Much I wished that my dear Betsey were here as one of us, as she had been in days of yore.

We did not rise from the table until it was quite dark. Then when the dishes had been cleared away,

we got round the fire as close as we could and cracked nuts and sang songs and told stories. At least some told and others listened. You know nobody can exceed the two grandmothers at telling tales of the things they have seen themselves, and repeating those of the early years in New England, which they had heard in their youth from their elders. My father says it is a goodly custom to hand down all worthy deeds and traditions from father to son, as the Israelites were commanded to do about the Passover, and as the Indians here have always done, because the word that is spoken is remembered longer than the word that is written.

Brother Jack, who did not reach here until late on Wednesday, though he had left college very early on Monday morning and rode with all due diligence, considering the snow, brought an orange to each of the grandmothers; but alas! they were frozen in his saddlebags. We soaked the frost out in cold water, but I fear they weren't as good as they should have been.

—Adapted from "An Old Time Thanksgiving," by Helen Evertson Smith.

THEN

Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty,
A hundred years ago,
All through the night with lantern bright
The watch trudged to and fro.
And little boys tucked snug abed
Would wake from dreams to hear—
"Two o' the morning by the clock,
And the stars a-shining clear!"
Or, when across the chimney-tops
Screamed shrill a northeast gale,
A faint and shaken voice would shout,
"Three! and a storm of hail!"

—Walter de la Mare.

STARS
BL

THE STARS

We are in the habit of thinking that stars are in the sky only at night. But the fact is, stars are shining all round the earth day and night, above and below, and in all directions. They are so far away that they never, at any time, seem to give much light; and in the day when our sun shines bright and near us, we cannot see their light at all and we think they do not shine.

It is said that on clear days if a person gets away from the light of the sun down in a very deep well, he can see, from the dark bottom of the well, the stars shining above.

We know that the stars give tremendous light, for they are suns, most of them much larger and brighter than our own sun. But because of their great distance from us they seem mere points of light.

In order that we may think of the earth and stars in their positions, let us imagine our tiny earth hanging in space, with the bright sun shining near (ninety-three million miles away); then out in all directions from us, millions of millions of miles away, we must imagine millions upon millions of shining suns.

CONSTELLATIONS

When we speak of constellations we mean certain groups of stars. One group that we know well, the Big Dipper, is a constellation. Another constellation is the Little Dipper. Cassiopeia and the Pleiades also form constellations. As the earth moves, they seem to change their positions in the sky; but their outlines remain unchanged for centuries. For instance, the constellation called the Big Dipper will look like a big dipper whether it stands on its handle, as it does at eight o'clock in winter, or whether it stands on its bowl, as it does at eight o'clock in summer. A century from now this constellation will still look like a dipper.

We call most of the constellations by names that

the ancients gave them. But we must not suppose that people long ago thought the stars outlined bears, and giants, and queens in the sky because they called the constellations by these names. What they said was this: "Imagine a bear up there. His tail goes as far as that star, his nose is here, his front paw there," and so on; or, "Think of a giant in that group of stars. These three stars form his belt and his sword hangs where the three little stars are. That blue-white star is in his left foot and the red star is at his right shoulder. It is Orion chasing the Pleiades."

When people in ancient times made pictures of the

constellations for sky maps they drew outlines of animals and men and women; the stars merely marked places here and there in the pictures.

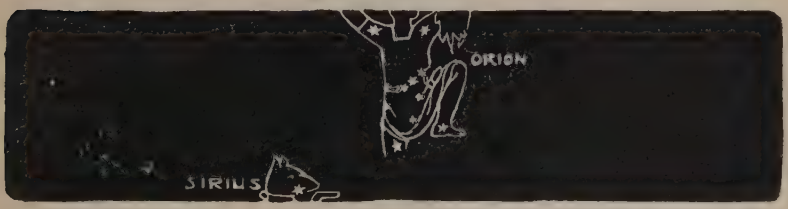
ORION

One of the best-known constellations is Orion. It has more bright stars in it than any other constellation.

In northern Europe people call this constellation "Bertha's Spinning Wheel." It does look somewhat like the outline of a spinning wheel. The Greeks, however, named it for the giant Orion, who chased the Pleiades. We can see them flying from him as he comes up the eastern sky; but of course he never overtakes them. The brightest star in the heavens, the Great Dog Star, Sirius, follows Orion.

In various countries the three stars that form Orion's belt have been called by different names: String of Pearls, Three Kings, The Yard, or Ell, The Weighing Beam, and Three Young Men Dancing.

One of the old Greek stories says that Orion was a



giant and a mighty hunter, very proud and boastful of his strength.

"There is no animal on earth that I cannot overcome," said he, "and what is more I cannot be harmed by any living creature."

To punish him for his pride and boastfulness, a scorpion sprang out of the earth and stung his foot. Thus Orion, who could have slain any large animal, was killed by a little scorpion.

Both Orion and the scorpion have places in the sky, opposite each other. An old Greek story says that they were placed opposite so that when the scorpion arose in the east, Orion might escape in the west. Orion flees to the utmost end of the earth when the scorpion comes.

A REMINDER

As the stars are a great distance from us, they look small; but we must remember that the stars we see are not sparks of light pricked out on the vault of the sky. They are vast suns, most of them larger than our sun. Many of them are hundreds of times as large as our sun, and some of them are even thousands of times as large.

GREAT, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

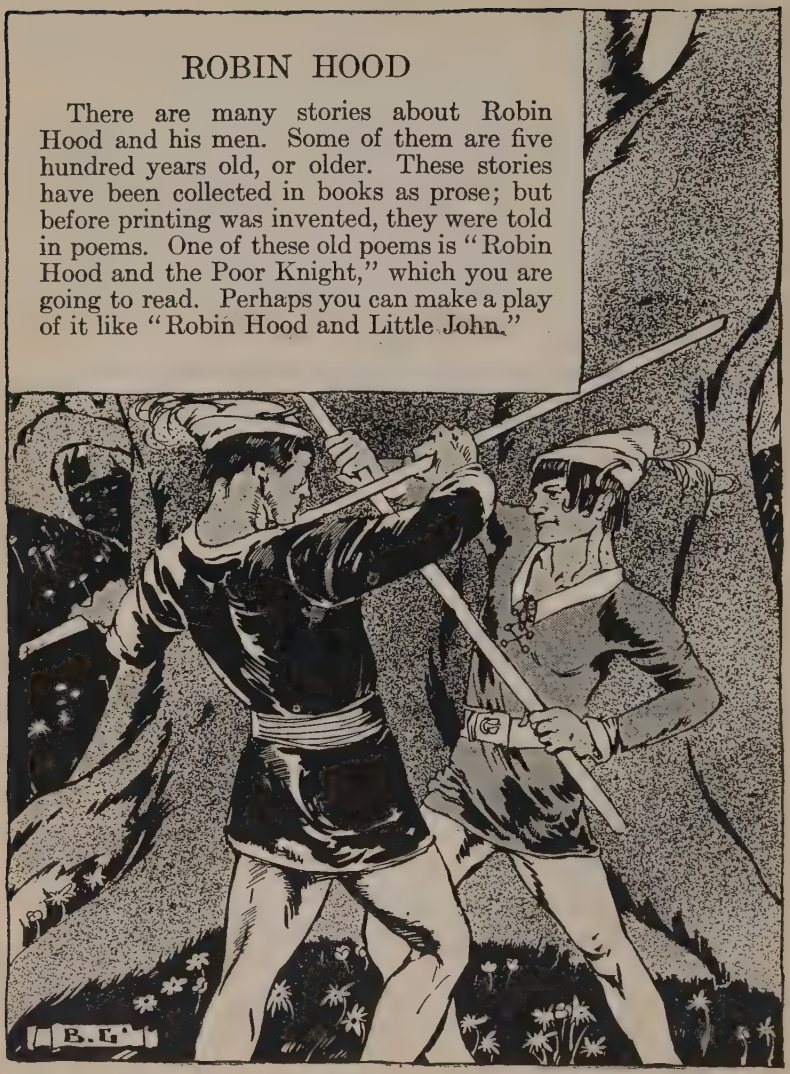
You friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

—W. B. Rands.

ROBIN HOOD

There are many stories about Robin Hood and his men. Some of them are five hundred years old, or older. These stories have been collected in books as prose; but before printing was invented, they were told in poems. One of these old poems is "Robin Hood and the Poor Knight," which you are going to read. Perhaps you can make a play of it like "Robin Hood and Little John."



ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

SCENE: Sherwood Forest. *Three of the King's foresters are sitting round a fire, eating their dinner. They sing:*

"In the wind and in the rain,
And in the fine weather,
We'll roam through the wood again,
Singing all together:
Heigh-ho!
The wind and the weather."

(*Enter* ROBIN HOOD *from the left. He is much smaller than the King's foresters and carries a bow and arrows.*)

FIRST FORESTER: Here comes Jack the Giant-Killer.

SECOND FORESTER: No, it's Tom Thumb.

THIRD FORESTER: Good day to you, Midget. Where's your nurse?

ROBIN HOOD: If I get on in the world as well as Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant-Killer, I shall have no need to be ashamed. And as for my nurse, she's here (*pointing to his bow*). This takes care of me.

First Forester: Is it so? And can you hit a tree when it blocks your way?

Robin Hood: I can hit a mark as well as you.

Second Forester: What mark can you hit?

Third Forester: He knows very well that there's no target in the wood.

Robin Hood (*looking off stage to the right*): There's a deer. See him? Could any of you hit him so far away? I can.

(*The foresters all laugh.*)

Robin Hood (*fitting an arrow to his bow*): You don't believe me? Watch.

(*Before they see what he is up to, he has shot an arrow off stage, to the right.*)

First Forester: Hit, by my hand! A fine buck shot through the heart.

Second Forester: Not one of us could do so much.

Third Forester: But the King's deer. You will be hanged for that!

Robin Hood: Oh! (*He turns to run.*)

(*The foresters jump to their feet and catch up their bows. The* Third Forester *shouts: "Hey, stop!" and sends an arrow after* Robin Hood.)

Robin Hood (*calling from off stage*): Hey yourself! And stop! If you want to kill me, you must

shoot better. (*He shoots at the* THIRD FORESTER, *who falls dead. The others run away.*)

ROBIN HOOD (*coming back, sorrowfully*): I am sorry I had to kill the fellow to save my life. And now I shall have to live alone in the woods as an outlaw. (*Goes off right.*)

SCENE II

SCENE: Sherwood Forest. *As the curtain goes up, the stage is empty, but some one to the right is singing "Heigh-ho, the wind and the weather." In a moment, some one to the left begins to sing "In the wind and in the rain." The two people sing different lines of the same song at the same time. Enter* ROBIN HOOD, *with a staff in his hand, from the right, just as* JOHN LITTLE *enters with a staff from the left. They meet at the middle of the stage and neither will let the other pass. After they have tried to dodge past each other for a minute or two,* ROBIN *speaks.*)

ROBIN HOOD: Get out of my way, fellow. Who are you? I have no time to waste on you.

LITTLE: Nor I on you.

ROBIN HOOD (*laughing*): Come now. That's good. Do you know who I am?

LITTLE: No. Do you know who I am?

ROBIN HOOD: You're a fellow who'll be biting the dust at the end of my staff in a minute. That's who you are. What do you mean by blocking my way?

LITTLE: Your way? I thought it was the King's.

ROBIN HOOD: It's the King's when he's here. Other times, it is mine.

LITTLE: Save the mark, fellow. Who are you?

ROBIN HOOD: Now that is what I asked you first. And I'll ask you another question. How do you happen to be singing my song, and all out of time?

LITTLE: Your song, indeed! I'll teach you whose song it is (*raising his staff*).

ROBIN HOOD (*raising his staff*): Out of my way, clown!

LITTLE (*laughing*): Out of my way, little one. Out of my way, Tom Thumb!

ROBIN HOOD: A fellow who once called me that was sorry ever after.

(*They fight with their staves. Then they throw their staves down and begin to wrestle. After a time* ROBIN HOOD *is thrown. As he falls, he gives a shrill whistle. Two of his men rush in and seize* LITTLE *and bind him.*)

ROBIN HOOD: That was fairly done. You're a strong fellow. You shall join our band.

LITTLE: I'll join no band with a fellow I can beat.

ROBIN HOOD: What? Not the band of Robin Hood himself?

LITTLE: So you are Robin Hood. Save the mark! I *have* seen fellows bigger than you.

ROBIN HOOD: That may be. But it's not always size or even strength that counts. You threw me in wrestling, I will admit. Can you beat me at the bow?

LITTLE: If I cannot, I am willing to be one of your outlaws. There's not a man in Nottingham can shoot straighter than I.

ROBIN HOOD: We shall see. (*To his men*) Guy, Will, set up a target over there—on that oak (*pointing off stage to the right*). *The men go out, right.*

(*As* ROBIN *and* LITTLE *are fitting arrows to their bows, one of the men calls from off stage, "Ready!"*)

ROBIN HOOD: Now, my big friend, show us what you can do.

(LITTLE *shoots.*)

(GUY *and* WILL *are heard off stage: "He's hit it! He's hit it! Right in the bull's-eye."*)

LITTLE (*laughing*): There, then. Can you better that? Can you mend it, eh?

ROBIN HOOD: No, but perhaps I can mar it. (*Shoots.*) There—how do you like that?

(WILL *and* GUY *are heard again, shouting: "An-*

other bull's-eye! Split it, Robin, you've split his arrow!'')

ROBIN HOOD: Now who's in the bull's-eye—eh?

(GUY *and* WILL *come running in with the target showing* ROBIN'S *arrow in the bull's-eye on top of* LITTLE'S, *which is splintered.*)

None the less, you can shoot, my friend. What's your name?

LITTLE: John Little's my name.

WILL (*laughing*): John Little! Look at him. *Little John*, you mean. Look at him.

ROBIN HOOD: Little John shall be your name. Little John, will you join our band of outlaws in the greenwood?

(WILL *and* GUY *lay hands upon him; but he shakes them off.*)

LITTLE: Not that way, or you'll both have sore heads. But when it comes to the shooting, I'm content to follow jolly Robin here. For in all the world there's not so good a shot as he.

ROBIN HOOD: And you shall have a new bow and a suit of Lincoln green and chase the deer with us, and from this day on your name shall be Little John. For you are the tallest man of us all. Come, boys, let us sing as we go. All together.

(*They march off, singing:*)

"In the wind and in the rain,
And in the fine weather,
We'll roam through the wood again,
Singing all together:
Heigh-ho!
The wind and the weather."

(Curtain.)

ROBIN HOOD AND THE POOR KNIGHT

Listen ye now, good gentlemen,
That be of freeborn blood;
I shall you tell of a bold yeoman,
His name was Robin Hood.

Robin stood in Barnsdale once,
And leaned against a tree,
By him was standing Little John,
A good yeoman was he.

And there stood also good Scarlett,
And Much, the miller's son;
An inch of him was worth the whole
Of many another man.

Then up and spoke there good Robin:
"I have no wish to dine,

Till I have here some bold baron,
  Some stranger, guest of mine.''

''Take thy good bow in thy hand,'' said Robin,
  ''Take Much along with thee,
And also William Scarlett,
  And no man abide with me;

''And walk up through the forest,
  And so to Watling Street,
And wait there for some stranger guest;
  By chance ye may him meet.

''Be he earl or be he baron,
  Abbot or knight be he,
Bring him to me for lodging,
  His dinner shall ready be.''

But as they looked down Barnsdale way,
  Along a narrow street,
Then came there a knight riding;
  Full soon they did him meet.

All sorrowful was nis countenance,
  And little was his pride,
His one foot in the stirrup stood,
  The other hung beside.

Full courteous was Little John,
And set him on his knee:
"Welcome be ye, gentle knight,
Welcome are you to me.

"Who is your master?" said the knight.
John said: "Robin Hood."
"He is a good yeoman," said the knight,
"Of him have I heard much good."

They brought him to the lodge door;
When Robin did him see,
Courteously he put off his hood,
And fell upon his knee.

"Welcome, Sir Knight," then said Robin,
"Welcome thou art to me;
I have waited fasting for you, sir,
All these hours three."

Then answered the gentle knight,
With words both kind and fair:
"God keep thee, good Robin,
And all thy fellows there."

They washed together and wiped their hands,
And sat down to dinner;

Bread and wine they had enough,
And venison of the deer.

"Be merry, Sir Knight," said Robin.
"I thank you, sir," said he.
"Such a dinner had I not
All these weeks three.

"If I come again, Robin,
Here by this country,
As good a dinner I shall thee make
As thou hast made for me."

"But pay ere ye go," said Robin.
"Methinks it is but right;
It was never the manner, in sooth,
For a yeoman to pay for a knight."

"I have nought in my coffers," said the knight,
"That I may offer for shame."
"Little John, go look," said Robin,
"And stop not for any blame.

"Tell me truth," said Robin,
"So may God have mercy on thee."
"I have but ten shillings," said the knight,
"So God have mercy on me."

"If you have no more," said Robin,
"I will not take one penny;
And if you have need of any more,
More shall I lend thee."

Little John spread his mantle down
Full fair upon the ground,
And there he found in the knight's coffer
But even half a pound.

"Tell me one word," said Robin,
"And secret shall it be:
How came you in such evil plight?
Tell what aileth thee."

"Within two years or three, Robin,
As all my neighbors know,
I had for my own spending
Four hundred pounds or so.

"Now have I nothing," said the knight,
"But my children and my wife;
Such fortune hath God sent me,
Till he shall mend my life.

"I had a son, good Robin,
That should have been my heir;

When he was twenty winters old,
He went a-jousting fair.

"He slew a knight of Lancashire,
And a squire bold;
For his defense it is, know ye,
My goods are pledged and sold.

"What is the sum?" said Robin,
"Truth now tell thou me."
"Sir," he said, "four hundred pound,
The abbot told it to me."

"Where be thy friends?" said Robin.
"Sir, never one will me know;
While I was rich enough at home,
They would not treat me so."

For pity then wept Little John,
Scarlett and Much as well:
"Be comforted," said Robin Hood,
"And us for thy friends now tell.

"Come now forth, Little John,
And go to my treasury,
And bring to me four hundred pounds,
And look that it counted be."

Forth then went Little John,
And Scarlett went before;
He told out four hundred pounds,
Fully twenty score.

"Master," then said Little John,
"His clothing is full thin;
Ye must give the knight good woollen cloth
To wrap his body in."

"Give him three yards of every color,
And look that well measured it be."
Little John took no other measure
But his bow made of tree.

And for every yard that he measured out,
He skipped over feet full three.

"What kind of draper," said little Much,
"Thinkest thou to be?"

"Give him a gray courser," said Robin,
"And a saddle new;
We will deal with him as gentlemen;
God grant that he be true."

"I will give him a palfrey," said Much,
"To carry his goods aright."
"And I a pair of boots," said Scarlett,
"For he is a gentle knight."

"When shall I repay?" then said the knight,
"That which ye lendeth me?"
"This day twelvemonth," said Robin,
"Under this greenwood tree."

Now is the knight gone on his way.
This game he thought full good;
And looking back on Barnsdale,
He blessed Robin Hood.

And when he thought of Barnsdale,
On Scarlett, Much, and John,
He blessed them for the best company
That ever he in come.

—Robin Hood Ballad.

"I feel as though tomorrow morning would never, never come," said Nancy.

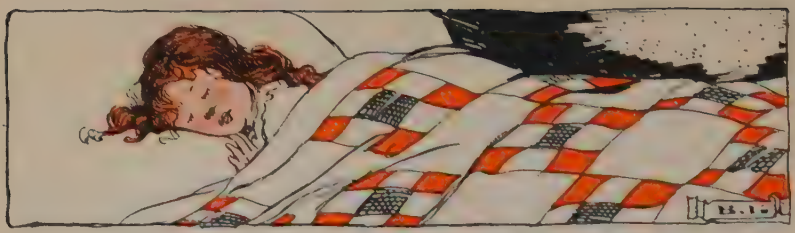
It was the night before Christmas, and her mother had just smoothed the covers over her as she lay in bed, and had kissed her good-night.

"Well, don't wake too soon," said Mrs. Rutledge, smiling; "that is all I ask." Then she lowered the gas until it was only a point of light, and went into her own room to finish the last of her Christmas preparations. Nancy heard her stirring about there, and some papers rustled. She wondered whether it was a present for her that her mother was unwrapping. So many, many hours it would be before morning, and she felt as though she would never go to sleep. She lay with her eyes fixed on the yellow star of gaslight, which seemed to grow and shine more and more brightly as she grew used to the dimness of the room.

She began to repeat in her mind "The Night before Christmas." Her father had read it aloud that evening, as he always did on Christmas eve. Presently her thoughts wandered.

"The stockings were hung by the chimney with care——"

It seemed to be Aunt Hannah who was hanging



them up, only it was a row of black flannel cats. Then Dick was there and was telling her about a little sleigh he had found in the toolhouse, and from these dreams Nancy drifted into deeper and deeper sleep.

Later on her father and mother came upstairs and into her room without disturbing her. They stole softly about, moving and arranging things. A table was cleared and put nearer to her bed, and on it was placed something large and square; something so large that there was no room on the table for anything else. It was one of her Christmas presents.

Her father smiled to himself. "I should like to see her face when she first sees it," he whispered.

Her mother smiled, too, and nodded. "We'll put the rest of the things at the foot of the bed"; and she began to lay there Nancy's other Christmas gifts, large and small.

Then when everything was arranged she and Mr. Rutledge stole away again, and all the while the little girl never stirred in her sleep.

It was Dick who awoke her at last—many, many hours later, when morning had come. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" he was shouting.

"Merry Christmas!" answered voices from the other rooms.

Nancy opened her eyes. For a moment she could not think what it was all about. Then she remembered. It was Christmas at last. "Merry Christmas!" she cried, starting up in bed.

Suddenly her eyes fell on the table and the Christmas present on it. "Oh!" she exclaimed, and then again: "Oh! It is! Oh, Dick, they've given me that little house father made for Gladys."

She heard Dick laugh. "No, they haven't."

"But they have. It's here, and it says 'For Nancy, from Father and Mother.'"

"I know, but it's another house. Father made it in the evenings after you were in bed, and they gave the one you saw to Cousin Gladys."

However, there stood a little house, and so like the other that Nancy could not have told them apart. The shining windows and shingled roof, the green palings enclosing the lawn, the little pond, the swan with arching neck, everything was there, even to the little pot of flowers each side of the door, only all more fascinating than ever, if possible.

"Don't stand about in your bare feet, Nancy," called her mother; and the little girl, who had slipped from bed to examine the house more closely, scrambled back again.

Then she saw the packages heaped at the foot of the bed, and eagerly she began to unwrap and examine them. There was a box of puzzle blocks from Oscar, a little purse with bright pennies in it from Tom, and a china vase from Dick. Her Aunt Clara had sent her a book, and her cousins a music box. But the best thing of all, next to the little house, was the present from Aunt Anna. It was the cunningest little doll's trunk that Nancy had ever seen, and it had a lock and key and a tray just like a real trunk. How glad she was that she had said she wanted Gladys to have the doll's house, even before she knew she was to have one like it!

Meanwhile she could hear Dick rustling paper and snapping string in his own room, and he and she kept calling to each other about their presents.

"Skates!" cried Dick. "Just exactly what I wanted." "A new knife!" Then presently, in a surprised tone, "Why, here's a cap just like the one I lost!"

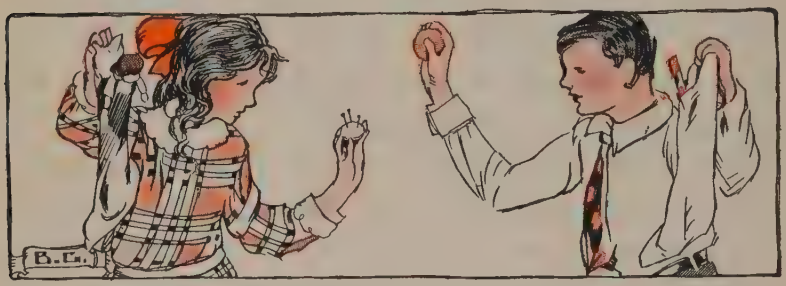
Nancy gave a little bounce of excitement. "That's from me, but I forgot to write on it. Aren't you surprised? Isn't it just like your other? Just exactly?"

"It's fine; thank you, Nance," said Dick; she knew how pleased he must be when he called her "Nance."

When the children had looked at all their presents and emptied their stockings it was time to dress.

Oscar was whistling gaily in his room, and Tom was trying on the new fur gloves that were a present from his father.

It was quite late when they all gathered at the



breakfast table, but then that was expected on Christmas morning. Mr. Rutledge was wearing his new watch guard that Nancy and Dick had given him, and Mrs. Rutledge said she was delighted with the thimble that they had given her. Tom and Oscar were pleased with their gifts, too.

"And the Christmas tree is to be seen yet," said their mother.

The Christmas tree! They had almost forgotten that in the excitement of the presents. And yet, when

later on they gathered about it in the library, how beautiful it was! The boughs were gay with cornucopias and colored chains; the glittering ornaments shone and quivered; and from the topmost spray, with lifted hands and golden wings, hung a Christmas angel.

While they were all standing round and admiring it, there was a ring at the doorbell, and Rachel came running in. At the door she stopped short. "Oh! Oh!" she cried.

"This is our Christmas tree," said Nancy. "Isn't it lovely?"

"Oh, it is." She stood staring at it with shining eyes. "We didn't have one at our house."

"Then this one shall be partly yours, and you must come over and see it whenever you can," said Mrs. Rutledge.

Suddenly Rachel remembered what she had come over for. "Here's a present for you, Nancy, and Merry Christmas"; and she put a little package, neatly wrapped and tied with ribbon, into Nancy's hand.

"What is it? I wonder what it is!" cried Nancy.

But when she unwrapped it, and saw the little doll in the bathtub, she was overcome with admiration. "Why, Rachel! I think it's the sweetest thing I ever saw. Just look, mother!"

She had a present for Rachel, too. It was a gay red-and-gold pencil with a lead point that would screw out and in, and Rachel seemed almost as delighted with it as Nancy was with her present.

After a while the children got down on the floor and began to fit the puzzle blocks together. Then they took out their last year's toy farm, and set the animals out on the floor, and laid out little fields with fences and trees. Nancy's new house was the city house. The dolls lived there and sent over to the farm for milk and eggs. The children made little balls of wax and put them under a plaster hen for "pretend eggs." How pleasant it all was!

Gladys came in for a while to see the presents and to show the new wax doll her mother had given her. She thanked Mrs. Rutledge for the little house, and said how pretty it was, but she was not more delighted with it than Nancy was with hers. Sarah and little Esther came in, too, but none of the children stayed long.

At dinner-time Rachel was the only visitor who was still there. Mrs. Rutledge came to the library door.

"Can't you stay and have dinner with us, Rachel?" she asked.

"I don't know!"

"Wouldn't you like to run over home and ask your father whether you might?"

Rachel bent her head low over the little sheep she was moving about. "Oh, he said I might—that is, if you asked me—if I was home by five o'clock. We don't have dinner till five."

"Oh, good! I'm so glad!" cried Nancy.

So Rachel stayed, and after dinner they played again, and Dick played with them until five o'clock, when she had to go.

But almost the best time of the whole day was the evening, when the family gathered around the lighted lamp, and Mrs. Rutledge read aloud from one of the new books that had been given them.

When Nancy was in bed that night and her mother stooped to give her her good-night kiss, the little girl reached up and put her arms about her mother's neck, holding her tight. "Oh, hasn't it been a lovely day!" she said. "I wish tomorrow was Christmas all over again, don't you?"

But much as Mrs. Rutledge had enjoyed it all, she could hardly agree to that. She thought one Christmas a year was enough.

—From "Nancy Rutledge," by Katharine Pyle.

It is strictly forbidden to read any of the stories that come next when you are too sleepy to laugh.
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B.G.

NEIGHBORLY ADVICE

Lars was a Swedish boy who needed a new overcoat. In Sweden the winters are very cold, and every one who can afford it has his overcoat made of fur. Lars bought some skins, and, as he knew something about tailoring and was handy with his needle, he decided to make the coat himself.

But in order to make it well, he went round among all the neighbors and asked their advice.

"Be careful not to make it too long," said the first neighbor, who was very short himself.

"I will remember," said Lars. Now Lars was a very tall lad, but he did not think of that.

"Be sure," said the second neighbor, "to make it very wide and full." He himself was a fat man.

"I will remember," said Lars. Now Lars was a very thin lad, but he did not think of that.

The third man told Lars to be sure to have long

sleeves and the fourth man told him to be sure to make them short. And Lars promised them both that he would take their advice.

The fifth man told him to turn the skins inside out, and the sixth man told him to turn them outside in. And Lars promised them both that he would take their advice.

Finally an old soldier told him to be sure to make ventilating holes in the back or he would melt with the heat. And this Lars promised he would do.

Then Lars went home and made his coat. As he cut it out and sewed it together, he tried to remember all the advice that had been given him. He made it so short that it scarcely reached to his knees, so full that it was almost as wide as it was long. He cut one sleeve so long that it came down over his wrist, and the other so short that it scarcely reached his elbow. In the front he turned the fur outside in, and in the back inside out; and he remembered to cut some ventilating holes in the shaggy fur of the back, so that he should not melt with the heat.

When the coat was finished Lars was proud of it. He put it on and strolled out to show the village.

The first to see him were the pigs in the garden. They were so frightened that they rushed up and down, tearing at the ground. They squealed so loud

that all the people sitting by the cottage windows looked out to see what was the matter.

"Oh, goodness gracious!" they cried; and they all pushed out, pell-mell—old men, old women, children, babies, and all—to look at the coat. A great crowd of boys, dogs, and little children followed Lars. He was ashamed and ran home as hard as he could, the crowd at his heels.

A bull grazing by the wayside grew angry at the noise, and when he saw Lars running by in his furry coat he started after him, roaring "Boo—ooooo—oooooh!" In a flash he had hooked his great horns in the fur coat and flung Lars over the fence on the grass near his father's door.

He was not hurt; but his mother, who had just picked up the coffee-pot, was so frightened that she dropped it. The hot coffee was spilled on the cat's paws; and she cried "Yam! Yam!" sprang upon the table, and spat at Lars.

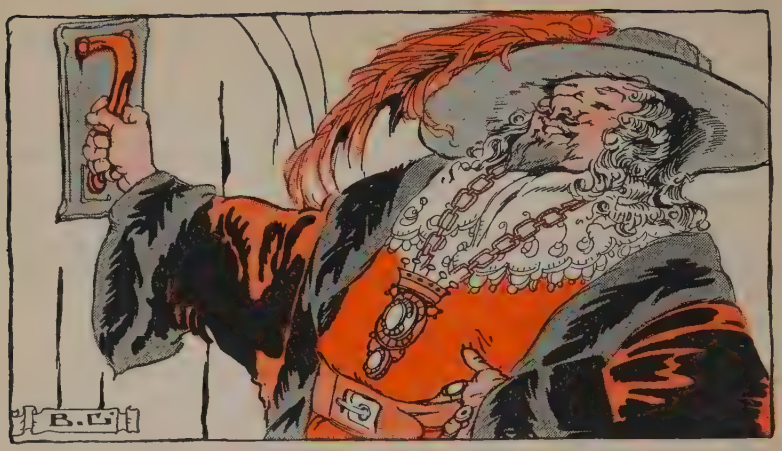
"Hoity-toity!" said his father. "What's all this?"

"My coat," answered Lars. "I took the advice of every one in the village, and it's not right yet."

"Have you been to the tailor?" asked his father.

"No," said Lars; "I never thought of that."

—Adapted from Albert Segerstedt.



THE MILLER AND HIS MAN

There was once a rich miller who put before his door this sign:

"Robin the miller am I,
Who live without care till I die."

The king, passing by in his coach, read this sign and thought he would like to talk with such a lucky man. He knocked at the door, but the miller, who was taking a nap and who thought that his visitor was merely a peasant bringing corn to be ground, instead of opening the door, called out: "Set your bag in the mill. I'm too sleepy to get up now."

The king drove away in a rage, vowing that he

would give the proud miller something to care about. The miller put his head out of the window at the sound of wheels; and he was just in time to see the gold crown on the coach and the royal footmen on the high back seat. Then he was in great distress, for he knew that something terrible would happen to him.

Almost at once came a messenger from the king, saying that if the miller had no care, he should go to the king's palace in three days, and unless he could answer three questions that the king would ask him there, he would have care enough.

After this the miller went about groaning so that his servants noticed it, and one of them, named Peter, who was more quick-witted than the others, asked him what was the matter.

On hearing the story he said: "Is that all? The king does not know you from me. I will go to the court and answer, as if I were you, his questions."

It was as if a sack of meal had been lifted from the miller's chest. He promised Peter all his heart's desires if he would do this so as to satisfy the king.

The next morning Peter walked to the palace, and there in the throne-room he found the king on his throne. When the king saw the man whom he took to be the miller, he said not a word, but pointed with his scepter to the Wise Man of the Court. He came

forward and made a long speech in Latin, of which Peter understood not one word.

However, he acted as if he were listening; and when the Wise Man had finished, he looked at him and said very seriously:

"Ium amum Robinum millerums manum. Hitherum Icomeum toanswerum hisum questions—yum—yum—yum-yum," and so on, with a perfectly straight face. No one in all the court understood him or knew what to make of him.

"Robin," said the king very solemnly, "unless you can answer three questions that I am going to ask, you will have something to care about all the days of your life. Tell me first: How many grains of sand are there at the bottom of the ocean?"

Peter sat thinking a long while, and at last he took a piece of chalk and got down on all fours on the floor and began to write columns of figures all over the pavement. Finally he rose and said:

"Seven thousand million billion, five hundred and thirty-seven."

"Is that correct?" asked the king.

"If it is not," answered Peter, "send your man who talks Latin down there to count them."

The king shook his head, but continued: "Well, then, how far is it from heaven to earth?"

"Only a knee's length," said Peter promptly.

"How is that?" asked the king.

"Well, God created heaven as his throne and the earth as his footstool," answered Peter.

The king and queen smiled at each other to see how quick-witted the miller was; but the king thought that the worst question was still to be asked:

"My good fellow, you have done well thus far; but the last question is the most important: What am I thinking?"

"You are thinking," said Peter, without hesitation, "that I am Robin the miller, when the truth is that I am only his servant Peter."

At this the king and queen and all the court laughed aloud, and declared that the miller's servant had so entertained them that he might ask what he pleased and obtain it.

Then said Peter: "If that is so, I beg that you will not trouble my master, but leave him as care-free as he was before."

This the king granted, and sent him home with a bagful of money. In time Peter married the miller's only daughter and inherited the mill.

And if you have corn to grind, you can take it there; and if he is still there, he will tell you this story himself.

—Adapted from Albert Segerstedt.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
  Beside the river Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn to night,
  No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
  Forever used to be,—
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
  And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,
  "Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
  I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
  With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
  Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap.
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

—Charles Mackay.

Most people are afraid to be themselves. They are always trying to be what they think others will like or admire. When they are with a great man, they try to say and do what they think will please him. When they are with persons poorer or less important than themselves, they do not use the same elaborate courtesy and flattery that they give a great man.

The story about an emperor of China shows how foolish it is to seem to be what you think others would like you to be, rather than to have the freedom and joy of being yourself.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA

In China there was once an emperor who would have been a good man if his courtiers had not spoiled him. When he spoke, the lord marshal would say, "Ah, how wise!" Then the chamberlains would repeat, "Ah, how extraordinarily wise!" And all the courtiers would bow together until they bit their toes. Everything that the emperor did they told him was perfect, and they all did what he did and said what he said.

In the spring it was the emperor's custom to move from his winter palace in the city to his summer palace in the country.

One day the lord marshal entered, bowed his head to the floor, and asked: "Does the most gracious emperor command that it shall be spring?"

The emperor bent his head the fourth part of a nod, which meant "Yes."

"Tomorrow we shall move to our summer home," he said. "Command my brother, the Sun, to shine tomorrow, or he shall be tied in a sack and sunk in the bottom of the sea."

Then the lord marshal wrote the emperor's command on the finest sort of paper, and at once burned it in the palace garden. He thought that in this way the message would be carried up to the sun.

The following day the sun shone so brightly that it did not have to be tied in a sack and thrown into the sea. And after much running about and packing and loading and unloading, the whole court was safely moved to the summer palace in the country.

Early the next morning the emperor was awakened by the singing of a beautiful little bird outside his window. He rose, put on his gold shoes and his silk bathrobe, set his crown on his head, took his scepter in his hand, and went through the glass doors into the garden. Immediately the bird flew away into the forest. The emperor followed it.

On his way to the forest he passed a farmer who was plowing a field close by.

"Good day, my friend," said the emperor. "That

bird singing so beautifully in the forest must be an emperor bird."

"No, sir," said the farmer, taking off his cap. "That is a blackbird."

For the first time in his life the emperor was contradicted.

"No," said he. "It is an emperor bird, because I have said so, and I never make a mistake. It must be as large as a swan and have feathers like gold."

"No, sir," said the peasant. "It happens to be small and black."

At this moment the blackbird lighted on a fence-post opposite them and sang again; and the emperor saw that the peasant was right.

"There is something wrong here," he said. "I never make a mistake."

"Sir," said the farmer, "you make mistakes like other people, but your courtiers will not let you think so. They live by flattering you."

The emperor was so amazed to be spoken to like this that he dropped his scepter on the ground.

"If you do not believe me, sir," continued the farmer, "I can soon show you that I am right. Here they come running. If you will talk to them as I tell you to talk, you will see for yourself."

The courtiers came running in a procession across

the fields. They came so fast that some of them lost their slippers. They had waked up and found the emperor gone. They had hidden pepper in their handkerchiefs to make the tears drop from their eyes as they ran.

"Command them to stop," whispered the farmer. The emperor made them stop about twenty feet away, and in a ditch, as served them right. There they all stood, drying their eyes on the handkerchiefs in which the pepper was hidden. They pretended now to cry for joy because they had found their emperor.

Finally the lord marshal said to the farmer: "How dare you stand there by the side of our lord, the emperor? Go back to your plow."

The farmer whispered to the emperor, and the emperor said, pointing to the plow, which stood some distance off: "He has gone back. Don't you see him?"

"Oh, yes," answered the lord marshal. "I see him now."

"Ask them," whispered the farmer, "if they have ever seen such white oxen as mine." Now the peasant's oxen were coal black, without a white hair.

When the emperor asked the question, the first courtier answered: "I have never seen oxen so white."

"They are as white as snow," said another.

"Whiter," cried a third. "It dazzles my eyes to look at them."

Then the emperor saw how they were fooling him, and he became very angry. He called to some other farmers who were plowing at a distance, and they came at once.

"There's no work so pleasant as plowing," observed the emperor.

"Nothing," said one courtier.

"It is the most delightful occupation in the world," said another.

"I like it above all things," said a third.

"I wish I were a farmer," said a fourth.

"That is well," remarked the emperor calmly, "because plowing is what you are all going to do for the rest of the summer. Come, all of you, choose your oxen and your plows, and begin at once."

They dared not refuse. They had no wish to be tied up in sacks and thrown into the sea.

I really do not know how they got on, for none of them had ever touched a plow before.

But the emperor took the wise farmer to the palace and made him his counsellor. Afterward he had the whole story written in gold letters on a block of marble. Many people have seen it, but few have read it because the Chinese alphabet is hard to learn.

—Adapted from Albert Segerstedt.

If you should travel about the world, you would find every country different from every other. The towns look different. Here and there the people wear different kinds of clothes. They talk different languages and often cannot understand people from other lands. If we cannot visit strange lands, it is interesting to read about them. And the more we know about other lands, the more we understand that the fathers and mothers and children who look so different and who live in such different kinds of homes are, after all, very much like ourselves.

A DEAR LITTLE, QUEER LITTLE DUTCH TOWN

The Little Town

This little town is on an island, with a big wall between it and the sea. The wall is much higher than the housetops. If the wall should break, the sea would come in and destroy the town and perhaps drown many of the people.

This funny little town is so clean that you would have hard work to find a spot of dirt on anything. Everybody cleans house all the year round. When the insides of the houses have been scrubbed, the women take long-handled brushes and scrub the housefronts, the sidewalks, and the streets. The houses themselves are often so small that it is not hard to scrub them from top to bottom.

To keep the houses clean inside, the country people leave their shoes at the door. They wear wooden shoes that slip off and on very easily. If you look at the door of a house, you can tell how many people are inside by the number of pairs of wooden shoes outside. With our thin stockings we should probably hurt our feet walking about without shoes, but the people of

this little town wear such heavy woollen stockings that the floors do not hurt their feet.

Not only the houses but all the places where men work are kept clean all the time. On the farms the stables are scrubbed out continually. Even the blacksmith turns the old iron out of the forge and has a housecleaning now and then. Did you ever hear of housecleaning a blacksmith's forge?

In this funny little town they have no coal to burn, but only coal dust. It is the sort of fuel that would soon make a house dirty; but when the day's supply of coal is brought in to the big stove, a bucket of water is poured into the coal dust. The black mud burns well, gives a good heat, and leaves no dust to fly about.

This little Dutch town is so small that you can walk round it in about fifteen minutes. The streets are nearly always empty. When a wagon comes, all the people run to the doors and windows to see it. At night a wagon called the carrier's wagon arrives from another town and brings all the packages that come into the town. The air is so still that if you listen you can hear the wheels of the carrier's cart, and you can tell where it is stopping at any moment.

The streets are paved with hard, square stones. Weeds grow between the stones. If the people did not weed the streets, they would soon be covered with

grass. The women who live near the sea carry buckets of salt water to pour on the streets instead of weeding them. The salt water kills the weeds.

In this queer little, quaint little town, the houses look as if they had come out of a life-sized toy box. They look like this:

Some of them are pink, some are red, some are blue, some are yellow.

The People

The people are as gay as the houses. The picture on page 187 shows how the boys look. Notice the face, the clothes, the shoes.

See how the girls are dressed. Notice their long, round skirts, their caps, their beads, the gold corkscrews and other ornaments that they wear in front of the ears. The girls are not all fat; but they wear so many skirts, one over another, that they look fat.

In this little Dutch town the people are all neighbors. They go in and out of houses without knocking at the door. Every one is honest. Nothing is ever kept

locked and nothing is stolen. There is only one policeman in the town, and he has nothing to do but see that the people do not break the queer laws that they have. One of these laws is that they must not sing on the street in case they might disturb others. Another is that they must not sit on their neighbors' cellar doors. Perhaps it was thought they might fall through and break their necks. The queerest law of all is that they must not lean against the houses. If you ask them why they have such a law, they will tell you that if many people lean against the house walls, they will in time wear the walls out. Perhaps the real reason is to keep the people from hanging about, idle.

In every home in this town, as in every other Dutch home, each member of the family has a chest in which to keep treasures. These chests are really huge wardrobes with many shelves. If there are not enough chests for each of the children to have one, more must be bought. Each girl and each boy keeps on these shelves all the things that they do not share with the rest of the family. When a girl is old enough to be married, she begins to make and to put away on the shelves of her chest all the things that she will take to her new home. She has dozens and dozens of things to wear, of sheets, pillow-cases, towels, table-cloths, napkins, and other things needed in the home.

Some Games the Dutch Children Play

In this queer little town there is a school where the children study reading, spelling, and other things that you learn. But they also have to learn other languages besides their own. Some of them learn English, some French, some German; some of them learn two other languages. They speak other languages much better than we do.

Many of the games the children play outside school are like ours, but some are quite different. Here are a few to try.

In Holland Stands a House

Join hands in a circle, with the child who is "it" in the center. The others dance round, singing:

"In Holland stands a house—
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
In the house there lives a lord—
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa."

When you say the word *lord*, the one who is "it" chooses some one else to stand in the center also. As the song goes on, each time a new person or thing is named, the one who was last chosen calls some one else to stand in the center. The rest of the song is:

"The lord chooses a lady—
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
The lady chooses a serving man—
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
The serving man chooses a maid—
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
The maid chooses a child—
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa
The child chooses a doll—
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
The doll chooses a cradle—
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa."

When all these are in the center of the circle, the song changes. Each time a person or thing is named, the child who is that person or thing must run back into the ring:

"We throw the cradle out of the house.
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
We throw the doll out of the house.
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
We throw the maid out of the house.
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
We throw the man out of the house.
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
We throw the lady out of the house.
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
We throw the lord out of the house.
Faldera, faldera, hop sa sa.
We leave the *child* alone."

Then stop dancing and have a dialogue with the child who is left in the center, like this:

ALL: Where is your father, child?
CHILD: In the forest.
ALL: What is he doing there?
CHILD: Cutting sticks.
ALL: What for?

CHILD: To make a fire.
ALL: What for?
CHILD: To burn our old house down.
ALL: We'll help him.

Stoop and move your arms as if you were throwing wood on a fire. When you are tired, say: "And now we'll build it up again," and pretend to build. So the game ends.

The Tree

Join hands, with the biggest boy or girl at one end. Then begin to wind yourselves around the biggest one as if you were a ball of yarn, as fast and as tight as you can, saying as you go:

"The tree is a-growing, the longer the thicker."

When you are all wound up as tight as possible, begin to unwind as fast as you can, saying:

"The tree is a-growing, the longer the thinner."

Cologne and Paris

In this game there is a leader who stands in the center, and the others move round in a circle, but *not* with joined hands. Sing:

"Between Cologne and Paris, you know,
Passes the road to Rome.

And if you would to that city go,
You must learn our manners at home.
This is the way; this is the way;
This is the way we do."

Each time the verse is sung, the leader must do something different, and all in the circle must imitate until the verse is ended. The leader may clap hands, twirl on one foot, stamp, swing arms, move the head, pretend to wash or iron or sweep, or do anything else that can be imitated.

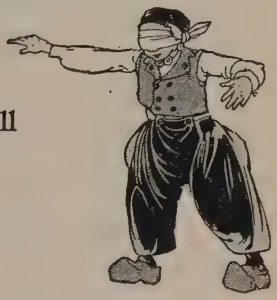
For many of the games that are the same as ours, Dutch children have little rhymes that they sing while they are playing. These cannot be put into English just as they are in Dutch; but they go somewhat like this:

For Drop the Handkerchief

"A kerchief, a kerchief, behind me I hold.
I've had two pairs of my shoes resoled
With a single piece of leather.
Round . . . round,
Now is the handkerchief on the . . . ground."

For Blind Man's Buff

ALL: Blind man, blind man, look for a pin.
BLIND MAN: I can't find one.
ALL: Blind man, blind man, look for a needle.
BLIND MAN: I can't find one.
ALL: Blind man, blind man, look for a child.
BLIND MAN: I will.
The game begins.



While Playing Ball

"Catch the ball;
Catch it I shall;
With klipper de klap;
With flipper de flap;
With one hand, with two hands,
Toss it against the wall."

Dutch children have many funny rhymes for counting out who shall be "It." Most of them cannot well be said in English, but one is like this:

"Eenie, meenie, making;
Seedcakes a-baking;
Mother, stir the porridge—do
Out are *you!*"

In Holland, Christmas is kept very quietly as a religious day. The time for fun is the Eve of Saint Nicholas, which comes on December 5. On that evening the children in the queer little, dear little town, like all other Dutch children, set their wooden shoes in a row on the mantel-piece or table. Sometimes the wooden shoes are whitewashed. The children have little rhymes in which they ask Saint Nicholas, or, as they call him, "Sinte Klaas"—our Santa Claus—to put nice things in their shoes, and thank him. In the morning they find small presents in their shoes and large presents beside them.

If you would like to know how a Dutch Christmas is kept, read "Hans Brinker," by Mary Mapes Dodge, or "The Dutch Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins.

SOME GAMES FOR YOU

Beasts and Birds

First think of an animal. It may be a beast or a bird. Then write on a piece of paper the first letter of its name. Put after this letter a cross in place of each other letter until you come to the last letter. Then write the last letter.

E x x x x x x t means *elephant.*

See who can guess all the words below.

1. h x x x e
2. l x x n
3. d x x x x y
4. r x x x n
5. t x x x r
6. b x x r
7. p x x x x t
8. w x x n

Make other words like these. See who can make the most words that no one can guess.

Anagrams

Another good game is to take a word and see how many other words you can make by using the same letters and changing their positions. This is called making anagrams. The word *snail,* turned about a little, becomes *slain.* If you like, you may make two or more words out of one. For instance, *nowhere* makes *here now.*

If you cannot use all the letters in a word to spell something else, use as many as you can and see who can make the most words out of the letters in a word. For instance, out of the word *snail* you can make, by using some of the letters: *ail, nail, sail, slain, lain, in, as, is, an,* and others.

Here are some words to practise with: *Washington, potato, tomatoes, breakfast, responsibility, history, arithmetic, fractions, artichoke.*

A painting by Julius Adam.

STUDY OF A PICTURE

I

What Is It?

If kittens could speak, the kittens in this picture would say, "What is it?" Their eyes show that they have never before seen a butterfly.

The picture tells you a little story. The butterfly flew about the garden until it found a grape vine. It settled on the grape vine to suck the juice. The kittens saw the butterfly and came running to find out what it was. One kitten has its fore paws on the edge of the dish, so as to see better. Perhaps in a minute it will lift one paw and try to catch the butterfly. But the butterfly will be too quick. It will fly away and settle on another leaf.

The other kitten is so excited that its tail is sticking straight up.

We like pictures because they tell us new and interesting things about the world. They help us to understand the world better.

If you look well at the kittens in this picture you will like them. Their soft hair and soft, clumsy paws, their bright eyes, their ruffs, and their pretty little ears with curls in them will make you love all kittens better than you did before.

In every good picture there is one point to which everything else in the picture makes our eyes turn. This is called the center of interest, though it is never in the center of the picture. In this picture the center of interest is what the kittens are looking at.

A painting by Jan Steen.

II

Noise

If you will look carefully at this picture, you will see that what it is really trying to show is—noise!

At the table there are four children. On the table there is a cat. By the table there is a dog. Every one of these is making a noise. The big boy is laughing; and he looks as if he is going to say to you: "Watch pussy dance." The boy with the pipe that would make such a good bubble-pipe looks as if he has been blowing through it. He also is laughing and pointing to show that pussy has one of her hind legs up in the air. The little boy is laughing so hard that he cannot look at the cat. The girl is blowing through a trumpet to make the music for pussy to dance by. The dog is much amused; and he is adding his share to the noise. Even the cat is saying something, though she probably could not make herself heard through all the din. But she does not object to the dancing lesson, because the boy is holding her very carefully.

The painter has a clever way of showing us how noisy the room is. He does it by making us see that in a moment there is likely to be still more noise. If the dog puts his paws on the table, he will knock off

the spoon. If he jumps a little he will send the skillet to the floor with a great clatter.

In another way the painter makes us almost hear the noise. At the top of the picture he puts a window, and shows an old man looking through it. Perhaps he is the children's grandfather. His face shows that he has been greatly bothered by the noise, and he is just opening his mouth to tell the children to be quiet.

If we look at the old man first, he makes us turn our eyes to what he is looking at. When we look at the children or the dog, they turn our eyes to the thing they are interested in. So the center of interest in the picture is the dancing cat. For this reason the picture is called "The Cat's Dancing Lesson."

Jan Steen, who painted this picture almost three hundred years ago, was a Dutchman. He shows us many interesting things about the way the Dutch people lived in his time. As you see, the children do not dress as we do. The big boy does not seem to think it necessary to take off his hat, although he is in the house. The table and dishes are not like ours. On the wall is hanging a queer, fat-looking musical instrument. It is called a lute and is rather like a guitar.

Jan Steen is a very good painter, because he always

makes us see and understand what he is trying to show. Many of his pictures, like this one, really paint noise, and some of them are very funny as well as interesting.

III

A Game: The Center of Interest

Each player must have a sheet of paper with his name in one corner. On the top line to the left write: Picture number. To the right, on the same line write: Center of interest.

Have as many pictures as there are children in the group. The pictures should be numbered.

Pass a numbered picture with its face down to each child. At a signal begin to study the picture, to decide what the center of interest is. On the paper write the number of the picture and the center of interest in this way:

PICTURE NUMBER	CENTER OF INTEREST
5	The butterfly.
8	The dancing cat.
12	The new shoes on the little boy.
17	The ship in the distance.

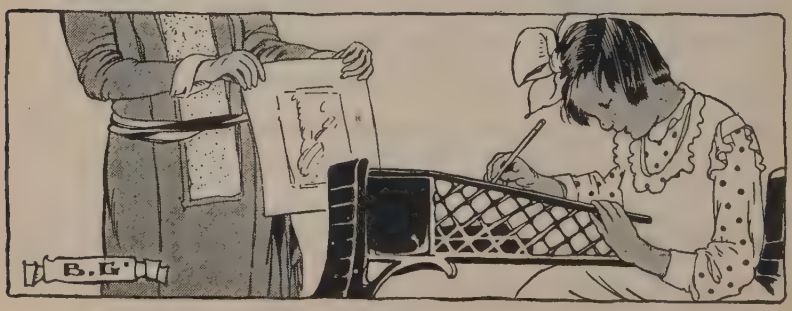
The time given to find the center of interest will be the same for each picture. At the signal pass the

picture to your next neighbor. Continue the game until every player has had every picture.

The teacher will then take all the pictures. As she shows each picture, calls the number, and names the center of interest, the players will draw a line through the wrong answers, and make a check at the correct ones. The person having the greatest number of correct answers wins the game.

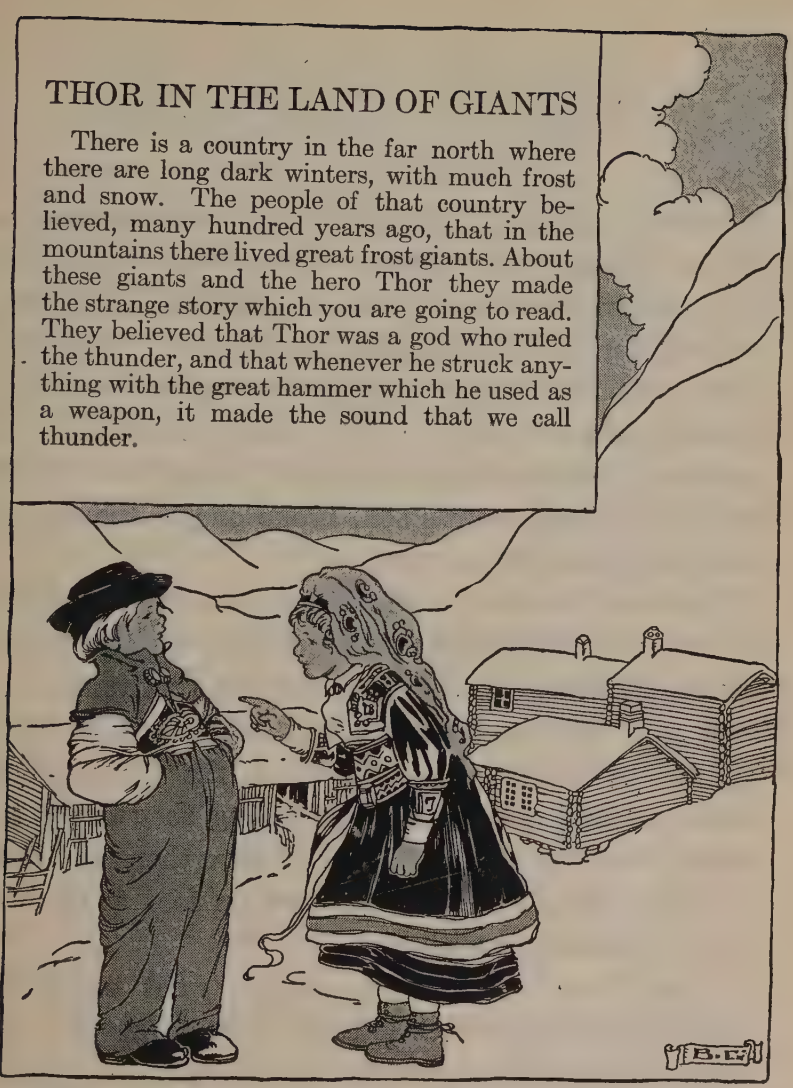
Other games with pictures by famous artists can be played, the point of the game being to name the artist. To make the game more difficult, (1) name the artist, and (2) give his nationality (or tell what country he came from). Or (1) name the artist, (2) give his nationality, and (3) tell about how long ago he lived. Do not try to remember the exact date. The score card or paper will look somewhat like this:

ARTIST	NATIONALITY	WHEN HE LIVED
Jan Steen	Dutch	About 300 years ago.



THOR IN THE LAND OF GIANTS

There is a country in the far north where there are long dark winters, with much frost and snow. The people of that country believed, many hundred years ago, that in the mountains there lived great frost giants. About these giants and the hero Thor they made the strange story which you are going to read. They believed that Thor was a god who ruled the thunder, and that whenever he struck anything with the great hammer which he used as a weapon, it made the sound that we call thunder.



THOR AMONG THE GIANTS

I

One day the god Thor (*tor*) set out on a journey in his car, drawn by two goats. Loki (*lo'kee*) went with him. Night coming on, they stopped at a cottage, where Thor killed his goats for dinner. When the meat was boiled, he and Loki sat down with the peasant and his family to eat. Thor bade them throw all the bones, unbroken, into the goats' skins; but Thialfi (*tee al'fee*), the peasant's son, broke one of the shank bones to get at the marrow.

At dawn Thor rose, and when he was dressed raised his hammer, Mjolnir (*me yol'near*), over the two goats and brought them back to life. As one of them limped, Thor said that some person there must have broken one of the bones. The people of the house were frightened and offered to do anything they could to make up for the offense. Thor forgave them and left his goats with them while he went on foot to Giantland. Thialfi went with him.

Then Thor and his companions went eastward toward Giantland, which is called Jötunheim (*Yet ten hīme*). They came at last to an immense forest in a strange land. All day long they wandered in it.

Thialfi was of all men the swiftest and he carried Thor's food-bag; but they found no food to put into it. There was nothing to eat in the forest.

When it grew dark, they looked for a warm place to spend the night. At last they came to a large hut with a door as wide as the building itself. Here they lay down to sleep; but in the middle of the night they were roused by an earthquake. Thor rose and called his companions to look for a safer place. On the right they found a smaller room opening out of that in which they were. While Loki and Thialfi crept trembling into the farthest corner of this, Thor stood, hammer in hand, at the doorway, ready to defend them. Now and then through the night they heard a terrible groaning, but no one came to attack them.

At dawn Thor went out and saw lying near the hut an enormous giant, asleep and snoring loudly. He had made the noise they had heard in the night.

Girding himself with the belt that gave him his great strength, Thor waited for the giant to wake. When he rose he was so huge that for once Thor did not dare to use his hammer. He asked the giant his name.

"My name is Skrymir" (*skrēē'mere*), he answered, "but I need not ask your name. I see you are the god Thor. What have you done with my mitten?"

He reached down and picked up the hut in which the travellers had spent the night. Thor saw that the small room in which his companions were hidden was the thumb of the mitten.

When they had all come out, the giant invited them to have breakfast with him.

After breakfast, Skrymir suggested that he should carry Thor's food-bag with his own, and Thor agreed. Then the giant put their bag into his, slung this on his shoulder, and walked through the forest all day long, with tremendous strides. At dusk he found a place for them all to sleep under a spreading oak tree. He lay down to sleep at once, but gave Thor his great bag, in which all the food was, and told him to take what he needed for supper. Then he fell asleep and began to snore.

Thor tried to open the bag, but soon found that with all his strength he could not loosen a single string, or untie a single knot. Then he grew angry and, grasping his hammer with both hands, he stepped forward and hurled it at the giant's head.

Skrymir awakened and said: "What was that—a leaf? Have you supped, and are you ready to go to sleep?"

Thor answered that they were just going to sleep, and went to lie down under another oak. But he did

not sleep. When he heard Skrymir snoring, he seized his hammer again and hurled it so hard that it buried itself in the giant's skull.

Skrymir awakened and asked: "What's the matter? Did an acorn fall on my head? How are you getting on, Thor?"

Thor went away and lay down as if to sleep. But he made up his mind that if he had a chance he would strike a third blow at the giant who had deceived them. A little before daybreak he saw that Skrymir was again fast asleep. He seized his hammer and flung it with such force that it dug its way up to the very handle into the giant's cheek.

Skrymir sat up and stroked his cheek, saying: "I think there must be birds perched on this tree. It seemed to me I felt a bit of moss from the branches drop on my face just now. What! Are you awake, Thor? It is time to get up and dress. You have still a long way before you reach the city of Utgard (*oot'gard*) in the land of Jötunheim. I have heard you whispering to one another that I am not a small man. When you come to Utgard, you will find there men much larger than I am. So I advise you not to boast, for the King of Utgard will not bear the boasting of such manikins as you are. The best thing you could do would be to turn back home; but if you will go on,

take the eastward road. My road now lies north to those rocks that you see in the distance."

Thereupon he threw his bag over his shoulders and turned away from them into the forest. I could never hear that Thor had any wish to meet him a second time.

II

Thor and his companions went on their way, and toward noon they saw a city in the middle of a plain. It towered so high that they had to bend their necks quite back on their shoulders to see the top of it.

On arriving at the walls, they found a barred gate, strongly locked and bolted. After trying in vain to open it, they crept between the bars, and so got into the city.

Going to the palace, they came before the Giant King and saluted him with great respect. But he looked at them contemptuously and, after staring at them for some time, said with a scornful smile: "If I am not mistaken, that little fellow over there must be the god Thor. Perhaps"—here he turned to Thor—"you may be taller than you look. What can you and your friends do well? No one may stay here who cannot do some one thing better than every one else."

"What I can do," said Loki, "is to eat quicker than any one else. I am ready to show you that against any one here who chooses to try."

"That will be something," said the Giant King. "It shall be tried at once."

He then ordered one of his men named Logi (*lo'ghee*), sitting at the end of the bench, to come forward and eat with Loki. A trough filled with fresh meat was set on the hall floor. Loki placed himself at one end and Logi at the other. Each began to eat as fast as he could, and they met at the middle of the trough. But it was found that Loki had eaten only the flesh, while Logi had devoured flesh and bone and the trough itself. The giants said that Loki was beaten.

Then the King of Utgard asked what the young man with Thor could do. Thialfi answered that he would run a race with any one who might be matched against him. The King said that skill in running was something to boast of, but that if Thialfi would win this match, he must be swift indeed. He then rose and led the way outside to the plain, where there was good ground for running. There he called a young man named Hugi (*hoo'ghee*) and bade him run a race with Thialfi. In the very first course Hugi ran so much faster than Thialfi that he reached the goal and turned back and met him near the starting place.

"You must use your legs better than that, Thialfi," said the Giant King, "if you will win this race, though I will say that there never came a better runner here than you are."

In the second course Thialfi did better, but he still was far from the goal when Hugi reached it.

"You run well, Thialfi," said the Giant King, "but I scarcely think you will win the match. The third time will count."

So they ran a third time, and Hugi reached the goal before Thialfi was halfway there. All who were present said that he had had a fair chance and that he was beaten.

Then the King of Utgard asked Thor what he

would like to try. Thor answered that he could drink more at a time than any one else. So the King, entering his palace, told his cupbearer to bring him a large horn full of drink. He said: "Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught, though some men make two of it. The most puny drinker of all can do it in three."

Thor looked at the horn, which did not seem very large, though rather long. As he was very thirsty, he set it to his lips and, without drawing breath, drank as long and as deeply as he could. When he set the horn down and looked in, it seemed almost as full as before.

"Very good," said the King, "though not much to boast of. I would not have believed that Thor could do no better than that. Try again."

Without answering, Thor went to it again with all his might. But when he took the horn from his mouth, it seemed to him as if he had drunk less than the first time, though the horn could now be carried without spilling.

"How now, Thor?" said the King. "If you mean to empty the horn at the third draught, you must drink better than that."

Thor, angry now, again put the horn to his lips and tried his best to empty it. But when he looked in,

the liquor was only a little lower than before. He would not try again, but gave the horn back to the cupbearer.

"I see plainly," said the Giant King, "that you are not so strong as we thought you. But will you try something else? I doubt whether you can carry off a prize."

"I am sure," said Thor, "that such draughts as I have been drinking would not have been reckoned small among the gods. What shall I try next?"

"We have a little game here," answered the Giant King, "that our children play. It is trying to lift my cat from the floor. I should not have mentioned it to you if I had not seen that you are not what we took you for."

As he finished speaking, a large gray cat sprang on the hall floor. Thor put his hands beneath the cat and did his utmost to lift him from the floor. But the cat arched his back, and Thor could not make him lift more than one foot from the floor. At last Thor had to give up.

"This trial has turned out," said the Giant King, "just as I imagined it would. My cat is a large cat; but Thor is only a little fellow, compared with my men."

"Little as I am," answered Thor, "I am angry. Who among you will come and wrestle with me?"

"I see no one here," said the King, looking at the men on the benches, "who would not think it beneath him to wrestle with you. But let some one call that old woman, my nurse Elli (*el'lee*), and let Thor wrestle with her if he will. She has thrown to the ground many a man no less strong and mighty than this Thor."

A toothless old woman then entered the hall, and the King told her to take hold of Thor. They began to wrestle. The more Thor struggled, the firmer the old woman stood. After a time Thor began to lose his footing and was finally brought to one knee. Then the King told them to stop, saying that Thor could not now ask any one else to wrestle with him. He then showed Thor and his companions to seats on the benches and they passed the night feasting together.

III

The next morning, at daybreak, Thor and his friends dressed and prepared for their departure. The Giant King came and ordered a table to be set with food and drink for them. Then he himself led them to the gate of the city. There he asked Thor how he thought his journey had turned out, and whether he had met men stronger than himself. Thor said he could not deny that he was greatly ashamed. "What

grieves me most,'' he added, ''is that you will think me a man who can do nothing.''

''No,'' said the Giant King, ''I will tell you the truth. Now that you are out of the city, you shall never enter it again while I live. Had I known before how strong you are, I would not have allowed you to enter this time.

''I have been deceiving you all along. I was the giant whom you met in the forest. I tied the bag in such a manner that you could not loosen it. When you gave me three blows with your hammer, the first, though it was the least, would have killed me if I had not taken care to protect myself. I brought a rocky mountain and held it before me, making it invisible so that you could not see that you struck it instead of me. In that mountain there are now three great valleys, one of them remarkably deep. They are the dents made by your hammer.

''When you came to the city, I went on deceiving you. Logi, who devoured the bones and the trough with the meat, was no mere giant, but *Fire.* The swift runner with whom Thialfi could not keep pace was one with whom no man can keep pace—*Thought.* When you drank from my horn, you did a deed so marvellous that if I had not seen it, I could not have believed. For one end of the horn reached the sea.

If you go down to the shore now, you will see that by your drinking you have made the sea sink so far that you have caused what we call the ebb of the tide.

"Not less wonderful was your strength in lifting the cat so far as you did. When we saw that one of its paws was off the floor, we were all terror-struck. What you took for a cat was really the great Midgard serpent that holds the earth in his embrace, between his head and tail. So high did you raise him toward heaven that he could barely hold on.

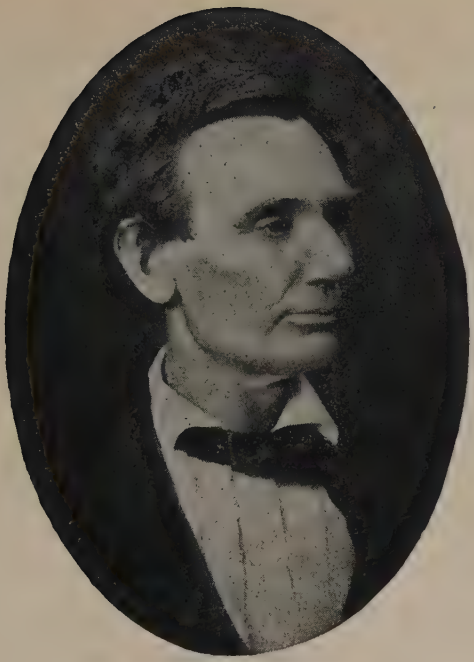
"Your wrestling with Elli was also most astonishing, for there never yet was a man, nor ever shall be, who shall win in a contest with her. For Elli is in fact no other than *Old Age*.

"But now as we are about to part, let me tell you that it will be better for us both if we never meet again. If you ever do come near me, I shall deceive you in other ways so that you cannot overcome me."

On hearing these words, Thor, in a rage, seized his hammer and would have hurled it at the Giant King. But there was no giant to be seen, and no city. On all sides there was nothing but a great plain. So Thor and his companions returned home to Asgard, the city of the gods.

—"The Younger Edda," by Snorre Sturleson (slightly adapted).

BRAVE MEN AND DEEDS



LINCOLN

This picture of Lincoln was made long before he became President. His face tells us much about the life he had lived and the kind of man he was and would be.

How does the face show that he had had a hard time when he was a boy and had not been brought up in ease and comfort?

What do his eyes tell you about him?

What does his chin tell? Would he be likely to give up easily or not?

If you met such a man on the street today, should you be afraid of him? should you respect him? should you mind asking him to do you a kindness? If he asked you to do him a favor, do you think you would be glad to do it? Does he look like a hero? What brave deeds did he do?

IN THE STEEL MILLS

At the steel mills, some of the men were resting between shifts. There were about twenty-five of them in one room.

Through this room went a pipe carrying off waste gas, which was so poisonous that a man who breathed it only a few moments would die.

While the men were waiting and talking, one of them, a young fellow named Sheldon Lacey, happened to be sitting apart from the others. His eyes fell on the gas pipe. As he looked at it he saw that there was something wrong. One of the valves had come loose and fallen on the floor. The other men, who were talking and laughing, had not heard it fall. But Lacey knew that in a moment the air would be full of the poisonous gas and they would all be dead.

He was near the door and could easily have run out and saved his life. Instead, he ran to the pipe, shouting at the top of his voice: "Get out, boys. Quick!"

He lifted an iron plate and held it against the pipe as well as he could. But he could not make it fit tight, and every minute he was breathing the poison.

The other men knew from Lacey's voice that there was danger. They crowded through the door into the fresh air. They were accustomed to danger, and when they were told to run, they usually ran without stopping to find out exactly what it was.

But one of them turned and looked back. His name was Peter Moncilochi (pronounce *mon-chee-lock'-ee*), and he was Lacey's friend and mate. They did the same work at the same time. He looked back to see whether Lacey, who had warned them all, was safe.

Moncilochi saw that Lacey had fallen to the floor, overcome by the poison. The plate had dropped from his hands and was filling the room with the gas. Moncilochi ran back and tried to drag his mate into the open air where he might be saved. But in a moment the gas got into his lungs. He could not breathe and he fell beside Lacey.

By this time the other men wondered where Lacey and Moncilochi were. They looked into the room and

saw them lying on the floor. At once four men volunteered to try to save them. They rushed back and dragged them into the air; but it was too late. They had both given their lives to save others.

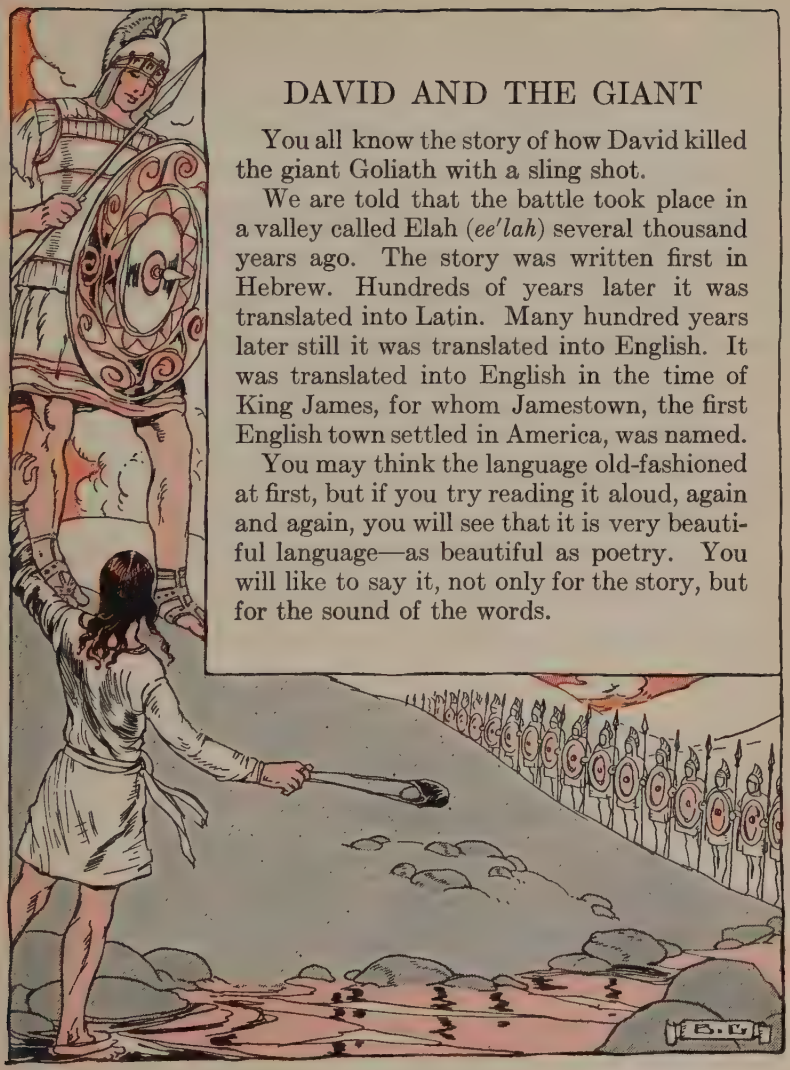
—Adapted from a true story in the "Chicago Tribune."

HEROISM

Not very long ago the Brenner prize for heroism, presented each year in a school of Brooklyn, N. Y., was given to Elizabeth Jordan, a girl of thirteen. An account written at the time said:

"All that Elizabeth did was to act as head of her home when her mother died and left eight children and their blind father to be cared for. Two of the children are old enough to work, three others go to school, escorted by Elizabeth, and the other two stay with their blind father during school hours. The thirteen-year-old acting mother prepares all the family meals, handles the household accounts, does most of the washing, mending, and purchasing, and the hundred other tasks of the home. And she is not at the foot of her class in school, by any means."

That's a kind of heroism which is even more necessary to the world than the more showy and dramatic kinds.



DAVID AND THE GIANT

You all know the story of how David killed the giant Goliath with a sling shot.

We are told that the battle took place in a valley called Elah (*ee'lah*) several thousand years ago. The story was written first in Hebrew. Hundreds of years later it was translated into Latin. Many hundred years later still it was translated into English. It was translated into English in the time of King James, for whom Jamestown, the first English town settled in America, was named.

You may think the language old-fashioned at first, but if you try reading it aloud, again and again, you will see that it is very beautiful language—as beautiful as poetry. You will like to say it, not only for the story, but for the sound of the words.

DAVID AND THE GIANT

How Goliath Challenged the Philistines

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies for battle. Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. The Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them.

There went out a champion from the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. He had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. He had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron; and one bearing a shield went before him.

He stood and cried unto the armies of Israel: "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants of Saul? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us."

And the Philistine said: "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

When Saul and all Israel heard those words, they were greatly afraid.

How David Went to the Army

Now David was the son of Jesse, who had eight sons and was an old man in the days of Saul. The three eldest sons of Jesse followed Saul to the battle. David was the youngest. But David fed his father's sheep at Bethlehem.

Then Jesse said unto David his son: "Take now for thy brethren a measure of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge."

Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel were in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines.

David rose early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and went, as Jesse had commanded him. He came to the trench as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle. For Israel and the Philistines had put the army in array, army against army. David ran into the army and saluted his brethren. As he talked with them, behold,

there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake the same words; and David heard them. All the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

Then David was brought before Saul and said to him: "Let no man's heart fail because of this Philistine; thy servant will go and fight with him." And Saul said to David: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a boy, and he has been a man of war from his youth."

But David said unto Saul: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth. When he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God." David said moreover: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the

paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine.'' And Saul said unto David: ''Go, and the Lord be with thee.''

Then Saul armed David with his armor, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; and also he armed him with a coat of mail. David girded his sword upon his armor, and he tried to go; for he had not proved it. Then he said unto Saul: ''I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them.'' So he put them off him. He took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine. The Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bore the shield went before him.

How David Fought Goliath

When the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him; for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. The Philistine said unto David: ''Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?'' He said to David: ''Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field.''

Then said David to the Philistine: ''Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a

shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hands.''

It came to pass, when the Philistine arose and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

Thereupon David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath, and slew him, and cut off his head. And when the Philistines saw their champion was slain, they fled.

—From the Old Testament (slightly adapted).

THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON

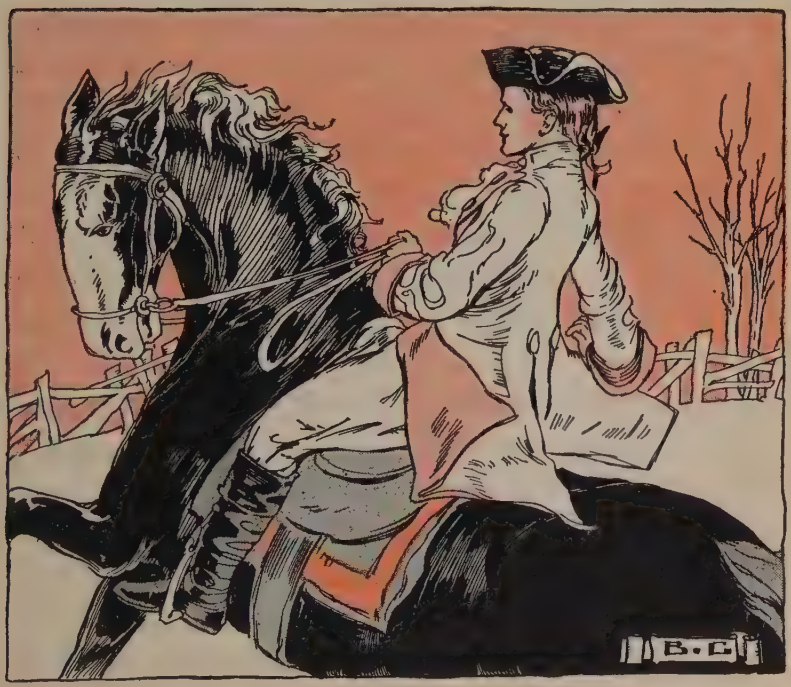
We can often tell by looking at a boy the kind of man he is going to be. Of Washington this was especially true.

He was born and bred in the country; and when his great work in fighting the battles of the Revolution and in establishing the government of this country as its first President was finished, he returned to the farm. He went back to the country to live far more gladly than he had left it for his great duties and honor.

As a boy he was always big and strong, and he carried himself so well that people noticed it. He was as straight and as dignified as an Indian.

He lived on a big farm in Virginia, in a country famous for its game; and fishing, hunting, and shooting were sports in which he always took the keenest delight. He probably could not remember the time when he first sat astride a pony; and as a young boy he was a bold and skilful rider. There are many stories about his riding wild colts and unmanageable horses.

It is certain that he early learned all the kinds of



woodcraft that the Boy Scout loves today. He knew how to make a camp, blaze a trail, and find his way when lost in the woods; and he could tramp and swim as well as ride. His outdoor life gave him a strength of body and steadiness of nerve without which he could not have endured the hardships of his later life as a soldier.

The first school that he ever attended was queer enough. In those days there were few good schools in that part of the country—Virginia—and people had to let their children be taught by any man of education whom they could find. Washington's teacher was a man who had been convicted of some small crime, or at least offense against the law, in England; and as the custom was then, he had been sold for a number of years in the colonies. This strange punishment meant that he was practically a slave for a time to the man who bought him. From this schoolmaster Washington learned reading, writing, and arithmetic. In one of the Boston libraries there is a book of sermons, on the title-page of which he had twice written his name. He was only eight or nine years old at the time, but the writing is very clear and good.

Later he had better schoolmasters, who taught him what he knew of English and a very little Latin. He was always unusually good at arithmetic. There is

still kept in the Congressional Library in Washington one of his schoolbooks, with his name written on the title-page, and the date, 1742, when he was ten years old.

When Washington left school, if he had been asked what he could do to earn his living, he might have answered that he could write a good hand, keep accounts and do other simple problems in arithmetic, and survey land.

It is very certain that all his life he regretted that he had not had more education; and he took great pains later on that his stepson and grandson should have the opportunity that he had missed.

When he began to think about what he should do when he was a man, his first idea was to be a sailor. In this you see his love of a free and adventurous life. But his uncle wrote so discouragingly about the hardships of a sea life that his mother would not give her consent to his going.

But when he was only sixteen a rare chance came to him. One of the great landowners in the neighborhood was an Englishman named Lord Fairfax, who had thousands of acres of land in the wilderness. He knew Washington as a schoolboy, and liked him. He invited the boy to ride and to hunt with him, to visit at his house, and to use his library. He must have

seen what kind of man Washington was going to be, and he gave him his first work by asking him to go with Mr. Genn, the county surveyor, to determine the boundaries of the Fairfax estate. This was an important and difficult piece of work for a boy of sixteen.

In March, 1748, they set out on horseback for the ride over the mountains. We have still the little book in which Washington kept a diary of this journey. It begins:

"Friday, March 11, 1748. Began my journey in company with George Fairfax, Esqr.: we travelled this day 40 miles to Mr. George Neville's in Prince William County.

"Saturday, March 12. This morning Mr. James Genn the surveyor came to us. We travelled over the Blue Ridge to Capt. Ashby's on the Shenandoah River. Nothing remarkable happened."

Washington's love of trees and of beautiful country is seen in the very next entry, for Sunday, March 13. He writes:

"Spent the best part of the day in admiring the trees and richness of the land."

On Monday, the 21st, he records that they travelled about forty miles on "I believe the worst road that ever was trodden by man or beast."

It is interesting to know that on almost the lines of this old road we have now the magnificent new national pike from Washington to Pittsburg, which is as fine as a road could be.

Most of the pages of the journal give accounts of

work done, but one interesting thing is a description of an Indian war dance:

"Wednesday, the 23rd. Rained till about two o'clock and cleared, when we were agreeably surprised at the sight of thirty-odd Indians coming from the war, with only one scalp . . . of whom we had a war dance. Their manner of dancing is as follows, viz.: They clear a large circle and make a great fire in the middle; then seat themselves around it. The speaker makes a grand speech, telling them in what manner they are to dance after he has finished. The best dancer jumps up as one awaked out of a sleep, and runs and jumps about the ring in a most comical manner. He is followed by the rest. Then begin their musicians to play the music on a pot half full of water with a deerskin stretched over it as tight as it can be, and a gourd with some shot in it to rattle, and a piece of a horse's tail tied to it to make it look fine. One keeps rattling and the other drumming all the while the others are dancing."

Another day he tells of a place where there was neither table-cloth nor knives: "But as good luck would have it we had knives of our own."

Again, he tells how the straw on which they were sleeping caught fire on "a blowing and rainy night," and they might have been burned to death had not one of the men awakened in time.

On Tuesday, April 12, he records: "This day saw a rattlesnake, the first we had seen in all our journey." This is the more remarkable as the mountains in that district are still full of rattlesnakes.

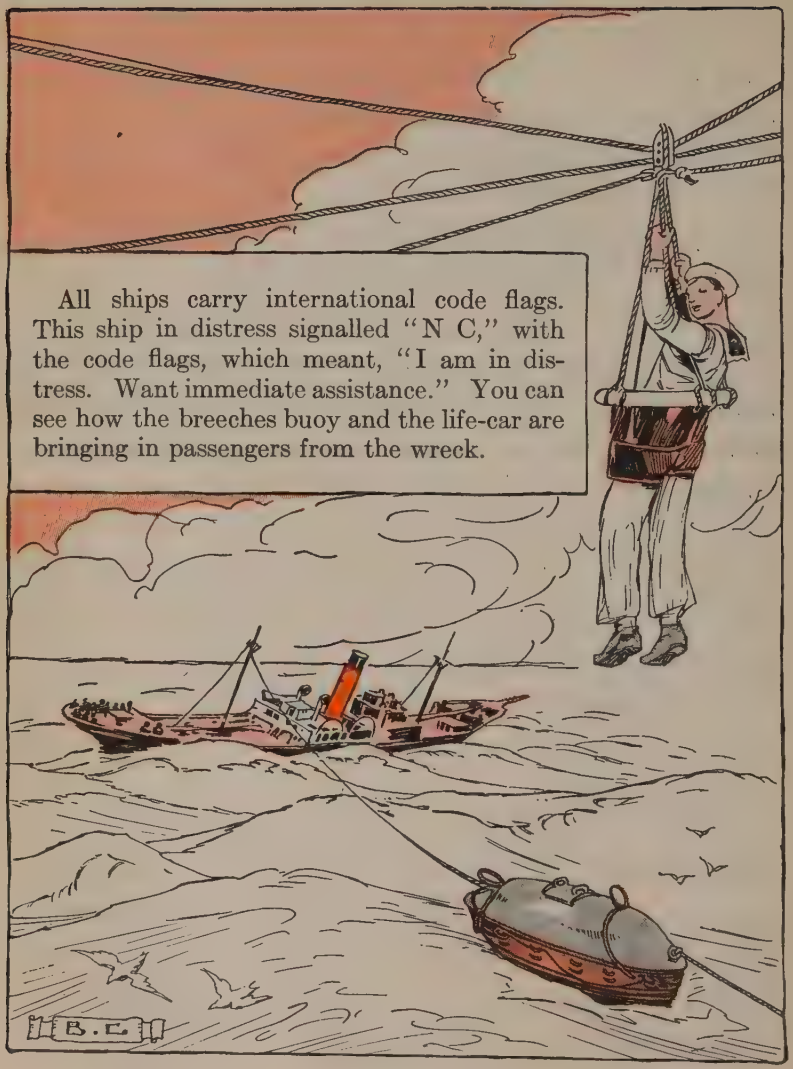
The journal concludes, the next day:

"Mr. Fairfax got safe home, and I myself safe to my brother's, which concludes my journal."

This month of surveying in a wilderness full of wild animals and Indians was certainly a remarkable achievement for a boy of sixteen. Washington returned home a man, able to earn his living as a surveyor; and for the next four years he devoted himself to that work. He lived as much outdoors as indoors, and learned, as only a thorough woodsman can know it, the whole countryside.

This knowledge and this experience were the best he could have had to prepare him for the great work of his after life.

It is said that no error has been found in any of his surveys, and some of them are still the authority for certain boundaries in Virginia. This shows that Washington the boy was very much like Washington the man.


All ships carry international code flags. This ship in distress signalled "N C," with the code flags, which meant, "I am in distress. Want immediate assistance." You can see how the breeches buoy and the life-car are bringing in passengers from the wreck.
B.C.

AT THE COAST GUARD STATION

I

A surfman paces back and forth on the outlook of a coast guard station. In all weather through the twenty-four hours of the day a coast guard scans the water. He looks through strong binoculars that make distant objects seem near; or perhaps he searches the horizon with a telescope. Is a boat adrift or in distress? Has any one fallen into the water from the pier or from the shore? Does any one on the water need the help of the coast guard?

In the watch tower the surfman registers at a time clock every thirty minutes, day and night, to show that he is on duty. But the man on duty is changed at the end of each two hours.

In the seven-foot square room there is no chair, for the man on duty must keep a sharp lookout all the time. There is nothing in the room but life-preservers, telescopes, signals, flags, and other things that are needed for the work of life-saving.

A sudden squall comes up and a boat capsizes. The surfman on lookout duty touches a button that rings an electric gong at the coast guard station. He telephones his message to those in charge of the rescuing

boat: "Boat capsized two miles northeast. Assume four men on board."

At the sound of the gong eight men slide down a brass pole (as they do at fire stations) and take their places in the surf-boat. A carriage moves the boat down iron rails and launches it automatically. The unsinkable motor boat, big enough to hold twenty-five persons besides the crew, scuds to the rescue. It carries oars and a sail in case of accident to the motor; and it is decked high enough to bale itself out in twenty seconds. Waves cannot wet the surfmen, for they are dressed in oilskins, slickers, and rubber boots. Each man wears a life-preserver, and the boat carries life-preservers for those they may rescue.

So they reach the drowning men. They throw life-lines to them; or they jump in and save them. If the men are drowned they grapple for them with hooks.

When the rescued men are aboard the surf-boat, the surfmen right the capsized boat if they can and tow it ashore.

Should a large boat with many passengers need assistance, the life-boat is sent out. It holds from forty to fifty persons, besides the crew. In time of extreme danger, when there were too many persons in the boat, the crew has been known to get out and hang on as best they could.

Late models of life-boats never capsize. But even if they should capsize, they are so built that they would immediately roll over and right themselves with the crew in their places.

The whole business of the surfmen is to save life and property and to do this regardless of their own comfort or safety.

II

Besides the surfman who guards from the lookout of a coast guard station—at an elevation of twenty-five feet or more—there is a surfman who patrols the coast afoot. He walks to a point two hours' distant from the station, registers his beat at a time clock, and then walks back. He peers through the night and foul weather to discover any sign of distress on the water.

Upon the discovery of a wreck by a patrolman at night, he will burn a red flare to let the persons in distress know that they have been seen, and that assistance will be given them as soon as possible. Should a vessel be navigating upon dangerous points, the patrolman will burn a red flare to warn the crew of their danger. A flare is quite large and visible many miles; it will burn about five minutes. The man on patrol may describe the situation to the lookout by dot-and-dash code with his flashlight.

In the daytime the surfman telephones, or signals with flags. Sometimes he wigwags by dot-and-dash code. In most places, however, he telephones from one station to another, or to several stations.

The message may be:

"Boat in distress off 59th Street, two miles north. Want immediate assistance." If the surf is too heavy for the life-boat, in the shortest possible time a broad-tired beach cart is out on the shore with beach apparatus. The surfmen shoot a line out to the vessel, with directions on a tally board in English and in French, telling how to secure the line and how to use the breeches buoy. Soon they are hauling in, one at a time, in the breeches buoy, the people of the wreck. Women and children are always the first to be taken from a wrecked vessel; next the other passengers, then the crew, and, last of all, the captain of the ship. The Blue Anchor Society furnishes free clothing for people in distress, and a supply is on hand at every station.

Without pause or rest, the surfmen, when they have saved every one they can save, and have seen to the comfort of the rescued, go on about their duties until the end of their watch, unless there are extra men to take their places. They count the saving of life as only a part of their daily work. It is their daily business to risk their lives in the service of others.

These are a few things that it is useful to have in the medicine cupboard at home, to give immediate relief from pain:

Boracic acid (crystal), to dissolve in hot water and use for sore eyes, or eyes hurt by dust or cinder

Clean, soft cloth, for bandages

Carbolated vaseline, for sore skin

A good antiseptic to wash cut places and destroy any germs that may have settled there.

FIRST AID

There are three kinds of accidents in which a person without special training can give help while waiting for the doctor to come. These are burns, cuts, and frostbite.

The directions for first aid in cases of burning are so simple that any one can remember and apply them. If you see some one on fire, the first aid to be given is to stop the air supply by which the fire is kept burning. If the fire is just beginning, you can often squeeze it out by crushing the cloth together in the hands. But the quickest way is to look for some heavy cloth or garment—coat, blanket, rug, table cover—anything that will cut off the air supply. By throwing such a cloth or garment over the person who is afire, and wrapping it close about him, you will almost certainly save a life. If the accident happens outdoors, at a time when every one is wearing light clothes, look for sand or loose earth that can be thrown upon the burning clothes. If possible, place the person who is afire down in the sand or earth and cover him with it as fast as you can.

After the fire has been put out, you may find that the person whose clothes had caught fire has been badly burned. What shall you do to ease the pain until the doctor comes? If the accident happens in the house, a good thing to do is to cover the burns with tepid water. When there are great burns on the body, do not attempt to take away the clothing that

is left, but put the sufferer, clothes and all, into a bath of water, neither cold nor hot, but about as warm as the body itself. In this way the pain will be relieved until the doctor's skill can give better help.

Cuts

For a bad cut the first thing to do is to stop the flow of blood. If the blood comes slowly and is of a dark color, the cut is not dangerous. It is enough to find a clean cloth and to bind the wounded place as well as you can until the blood stops.

But if the blood is of a bright-red color and spouts forth, an artery has been cut, and the injured person needs immediate attention. The right thing is to stop the flow of the blood from the heart to the injured part of the body. Unless the cut is in an arm or a leg, you will probably not be able to do this. You must at once get skilled help. But for an arm or leg cut it is not very hard to tie a string so tightly about the arm or leg that the blood supply will be stopped. The one thing to remember is that the string or cord or strip of cloth must be tied above the injured place; that is,

it must be tied on the side nearer the body, away from the foot or hand. The chief difficulty is in tying the string so tight and in making the knot so firm that it will stop the blood. One way of doing this with the least hurt is by placing a twig or stick under the place where you are going to make the knot.

Frostbite

Frostbite becomes very painful when it is not properly cared for, and it is very easy to care for at the time. The most important thing to remember is not to go near the fire or to use warm water. If there is snow on the ground, rub the frostbitten place gently with snow until the blood is circulating again. You can tell when the blood is circulating again because the frostbitten place will be no longer white, but pink or red.

If there is no snow, bathe the frostbitten part gently with a woollen cloth in the coldest water you can get—ice water, if possible. Sea water must not be used, as it would injure the skin.

When a person is almost dead from cold, rub the arms and legs to bring the circulation back. As soon as the blood begins to circulate again, give hot milk or some other hot drink at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes until the person is restored.

JOY IN WORK

SUSIE'S FIRST LOAF

One evening as Mrs. Leonard was sifting flour to set the bread, Susie said wistfully:

"I wish I could make some bread."

"You may make a little loaf while I am making mine," said Mrs. Leonard. "Get your big apron, and wash your hands clean."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Susie. "What shall I do first? I'm all ready."

"Get the little yellow bowl in the pantry and sift the flour," said her mother.

"I'll have to stand on this stool," said Susie, "so I can reach."

Mrs. Leonard waited.

"There. Shall I make a hole in the middle, like yours, mother? What is it for?" as she pressed the white flour against the sides of the bowl.

"It helps to make the bread warm," was the reply, "and keeps the dough from sticking to the bowl."

"What goes in the hole?"

"Shall I mix it for you?"

"Oh, no," and Susie hopped off the stool. "I want to do it all myself, please, mother, and we won't tell father and the boys a thing about it till it's done."

"Well, get a cup and put some salt and sugar in

it. A little less than a teaspoonful of salt, and twice as much sugar, will be enough for you. Now a piece of butter—yes, that is right,'' as Susie took some on her spoon. ''Now pour warm water over it. Make the cup about half full. When the butter is melted, fill the cup with milk.''

''It's done,'' said Susie. ''I can do it as fast as you can, mother.''

''There is plenty of time,'' laughed Mrs. Leonard. ''Bread doesn't like to be hurried.''

''Shall I pour this into the flour nest?'' asked Susie.

''Yes, and stir the flour into it, little by little, as I do.''

''You take ever so much more of everything than I do—don't you, mother?'' said Susie.

''That is because I am making four big loaves, and you are making one small one.''

''Will it truly get to be bread?'' exclaimed Susie. ''Will it be bread just like yours?''

''There is one thing more needed if it is to be good, light bread,'' said Mrs. Leonard.

''Oh, I know—the yeast. It couldn't rise without yeast, could it? Did you forget it, mother?''

''No. I always beat this a little before I put in the yeast. We're ready for it now.''

The yeast was poured in. Then Mrs. Leonard said: "This is the time to beat it well. Be careful—not too fast."

Susie stood on the stool, leaning well over the table. When she could stir no longer she let the spoon drop.

"It is beaten enough," said her mother. "Cover it with this clean cloth and set it over here to keep warm. In the morning it will be nice and light."

"Why must it be warm?" asked Susie.

"It will not rise if it is cold," was the reply.

"I'll set mine close to yours, mother."

Susie carried it carefully across the room.

"Isn't it fun to make bread, mother? I wonder if it will be good. We have to knead it, don't we? I wish we didn't have to wait till morning."

"There is something else to do now," said her mother, smiling.

"What is it?" asked Susie. "I thought it must be left alone to rise."

"Yes, but this is the time to wash the dishes we have used. A good housekeeper never leaves dishes on her table unwashed."

"Then I'll wash them," said Susie. "I want to be a good housekeeper, like you. I'll wash yours, too, mother."

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Leonard, patting the soft, round cheek. "It makes mother's work very easy to have a little helper."

When the dishes were washed and set away, it was time for Susie to go to bed. She thought it never would be morning, but she was soon fast asleep, and the morning came before she knew it. As soon as she was dressed she ran into the kitchen to look at her bread.

"Mother, mother," she called, "it's all bubbles on top!"

"Yes, it has risen finely. It is ready to knead now," said Mrs. Leonard, looking at it.

"Doesn't it look just like a sponge, mother?"

"That is what it is called," said Mrs. Leonard. "You can have the biscuit board on the chair to knead it on. I'll use the bread board on the table."

Such a kneading as the dough on the biscuit board had! It made the two small arms ache, but Susie kept bravely on.

"I like to do it, even if it is hard work," she said.

"Now put it back in the bowl," said Mrs. Leonard. "It must rise once more. After breakfast we will knead it again."

During breakfast she could hardly keep from telling her secret, but she only smiled at her mother across the table.

As soon as the table was cleared, she ran to look at the bread. The dough was all puffed up like a cushion.

"Isn't it soft and light?" said Susie, as she turned it out on the board.

"You have kneaded it enough," said Mrs. Leonard, after a while. "Make it nice and smooth to fit the pan. It will be a fine loaf. It must rise in the pan, and then we will put it in the oven."

"May we have it for supper?" asked Susie, with shining eyes. "Won't father and the boys be surprised when they know I made it all myself?"

It was an anxious time when the little loaf was

light enough to bake. If the oven should not be hot enough! Or if it should be too hot!

At last it was done. Mrs. Leonard took it from the oven and turned it out on the table to cool.

Susie danced with delight.

"What a lovely brown it is! And oh, how good it smells! I wish it would hurry and be supper time; I want to see how it looks inside."

"I am sure it is very good," said Mrs. Leonard. "But it would spoil it to cut it before it is cool."

"Oh, we mustn't cut it now," said Susie; "we must wait for supper, even if it is a long time. Hasn't it a crisp brown crust! What will father say when he sees it? I'd like to know."

At last supper time came.

Susie carried the little loaf to the table and cut it herself.

"It's almost as good as mother's," said Frank.

"Quite as good, I think," said mother.

"There isn't half enough of it," said Donald.

"I call it a fine, large loaf for these little hands to have made," said her father, patting the hand that lay near him on the table.

And Susie never had been happier in her life.

—"Uncle Robert's Geography," by F. W. Parker and N. L. Helm.

GETTING A JOB

Some people have queer ideas about work. They think it is something to be ashamed of. Work is indeed something that we can really be proud of. It is the people who work hard who make the world a better place to live in.

Many great men began life as poor boys. They had to do hard work as soon as they were old enough to work at all. And they were successful because they always worked as well as they could.

The story you are going to read was written by a man who had to begin to work when he was a boy. Later in his life he used his money to help other people help themselves.

MY FIRST JOBS

The fortunes of the transplanted family did not flourish, and Edward soon saw his mother physically failing under burdens to which she was not accustomed. Then he and his brother decided to relieve their mother in the housework by rising early in the morning, building the fire, preparing breakfast, and washing the dishes before they went to school. After school they gave up their play hours, and swept and scrubbed and helped their mother to prepare the evening meal and wash the dishes. It was fortunate that Edward thus got a first-hand knowledge of woman's housework, for in later years he needed to know this very sort of thing.

It was not easy for the parents to see their boys forced to do work which only a short while before had

been done by their many servants. And it seemed the greatest humiliation when Edward and his brother, after having for several mornings found no kindling wood or coal to build the fire, decided to go out evenings with a basket and pick up what wood they could find in neighboring lots; also they got permission to pick up the bits of coal spilled from the coal bin of the grocery store, or left on the curbs before houses where coal had been delivered. The mother objected, although she knew that they needed the heat. But Edward had been started upon his Americanization career, and he said: "This is America, where one can do anything if it is honest. So long as we don't steal the wood or coal, why shouldn't we get it?" And the sad mother could say nothing.

But while the doing of these chores relieved the untrained and tired mother, it added little to the family income. Edward looked about and decided that the time had come for him, young as he was, to begin some sort of wage earning. But how and where? The answer he found one afternoon when standing before the shop window of a baker in the neighborhood. The owner of the bakery, who had just placed in the window some trays filled with buns, tarts, and pies, came outside to look at the display. He found the hungry boy wistfully looking at the tempting wares.

"Look pretty good, don't they?" asked the baker.

"They would," answered the Dutch boy, with his national passion for cleanliness, "if your window were clean."

"That's so, too," mused the baker. "Perhaps you'll clean it."

"I will," was the reply. And Edward Bok, there and then, got his first job. He went in, found a step-ladder, and put so much Dutch energy into the cleaning of the large show window that the baker immediately arranged with him to clean it every Tuesday and Friday afternoon after school. The salary was to be fifty cents a week!

But one day, after he had finished cleaning the window, and the baker was busy in the rear of the store, a customer came in, and Edward ventured to wait on her. Skilfully he wrapped up for another customer the fragrant currant buns that he longed to eat. The baker watched him, saw how quickly and smilingly he served the customer, and offered Edward an extra dollar a week if he would come in afternoons and sell behind the counter. He immediately entered into the bargain with the understanding that, in addition to his salary of a dollar and a half a week, he should each afternoon carry home from the good things unsold a moderate something as a present to his mother. The

baker agreed, and Edward promised to come each afternoon except Saturday.

"Want to play ball, hey?" said the baker.

"Yes, I want to play ball," replied the boy; but he was not reserving his Saturday afternoons for games, although, boylike, that might be his preference.

Edward now took on for each Saturday morning—when, of course, there was no school—the delivery route of a weekly Brooklyn paper. He had offered to deliver the entire neighborhood edition of the paper for one dollar, thus increasing his earning capacity to two dollars and a half a week.

Transportation in those days in Brooklyn was by horse cars, and the car line on Smith Street nearest Edward's home ran to Coney Island. Just around the corner where Edward lived the cars stopped, to water the horses on their long haul. The boy noticed that the men jumped from the open cars in summer, ran into the cigar store before which the watering trough was placed, and got a drink of water from the ice-cooler placed near the door. But that was not possible for the women and the children, who were forced to take the long ride without a drink. It was this that he had in mind when he reserved his Saturday afternoon to "play ball."

Here was an opening, and Edward decided to fill it.

He bought a shining new pail, and screwed three hooks on the edge, from which he hung three clean, shimmering glasses. Then one Saturday afternoon when a car stopped, the boy leaped on, asked the conductor if he did not want a drink, and proceeded to sell water, cooled with ice, at a cent a glass to the passengers. A little experience showed that he exhausted a pail with every two cars, and each pail netted him thirty cents. Of course Sunday was a most profitable day; and after going to Sunday school in the morning, he did a further Sabbath service for the rest of the day by refreshing tired mothers and thirsty children on the Coney Island cars—at a penny a glass!

But the profit of six dollars which Edward was now reaping in his newly found "bonanza" on Saturday and Sunday afternoons became apparent to other boys. One Saturday the young ice water boy found that he had a competitor; then two, and soon three. Edward immediately met the challenge; he squeezed half a dozen lemons into each pail of water, added some sugar, tripled his charge, and continued business by selling "Lemonade, three cents a glass." Soon more passengers were asking for lemonade than for plain drinking water!

—Edward Bok.

1. One way of carrying germs. 2. Enlarged front view of the head of a house fly. Notice the two large eyes made up of many tiny eyes. 3. Leg of a house fly, enlarged. 4. Notice how this house fly (enlarged) stands on four legs—two showing in front of his head and two at his sides—while he cleans his wings with his hind legs.

THE DANGEROUS FLY

When we speak of dangerous animals, we usually think of lions, tigers, bears, panthers, and other wild animals. But the most dangerous animals in the world are not these, but the little flies that we see buzzing about in hot weather. More people are killed by flies than by any of the great wild beasts of forest and jungle.

Flies kill people by spreading disease. Many diseases are caused by little living creatures so small that we cannot see them, which live in filth of all kinds. These little creatures are called germs. Some of the worst diseases that we have are caused by germs. Now flies always go to dirty places to lay their eggs. They lay their eggs in spoiled food, in heaps of damp rags

and paper, in the dirt of stable yards, and in all other kinds of filth. As the flies walk about in these places, the dirt sticks to their hairy legs, and with the dirt they carry away millions of the little disease germs.

Then, with all the dirt and disease germs sticking to their hairy legs, flies come into our houses. They walk across the table. They settle on the sugar bowl. They crawl into the butter. They drop into the milk and cream and drown there. Everything that they touch rubs off a little of the dirt and some of the disease germs that they carry about. The persons who eat the food that has in it these disease germs are likely to become ill and often they die.

What can we do with such a dangerous creature as the fly? We may say "Kill him!" But it is not easy to kill all the flies. Many of them are too quick for us. Another reason why they are so hard to catch is that they can see so well. They have two big eyes, each of which is made up of hundreds of little eyes that look in all directions. They do not see clearly with each of these little eyes, but they see enough to warn them of danger.

Instead of trying to kill all the flies, it is much better not to let them be born. If there are no heaps of dirt for flies to lay their eggs in, there will be few flies. If people would keep their houses and yards and streets

perfectly clean, they would not be bothered with flies. When we merely screen our windows and doors, some flies will always get in through cracks and holes, and when a window or door screen is open for a moment. What we should try to do is to kill all the flies we can, especially in the spring when they first come out, and then to keep the places where we live so clean that the flies will not wish to live with us. And when they are all gone, we shall be a healthier and happier people.

THE FLY

How large unto the tiny fly
  Must little things appear!
A rosebud like a feather bed,
  A prickle like a spear;

A dewdrop like a looking glass,
  A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard seed
  As fierce as coals of fire;

A loaf of bread, a lofty hill;
  A wasp, a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt, as bright to see
  As lambkins to a shepherd.

—Walter Ramal (Walter de la Mare).

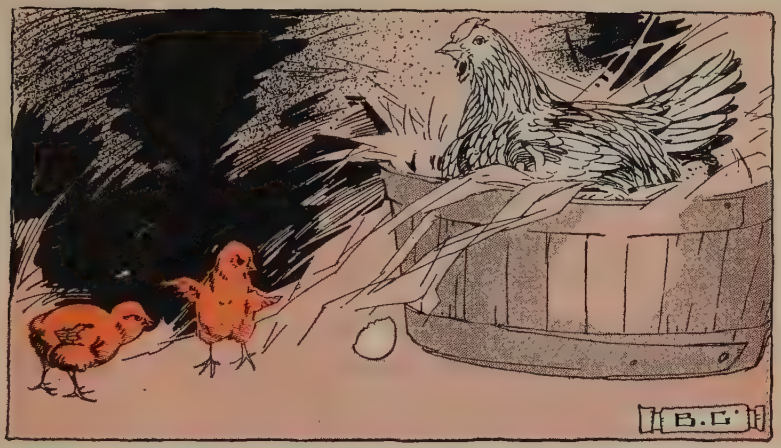
"I didn't," said Chip.
"You did," said Peep.
"How do you know?
You were fast asleep."

"I was only under mammy's wing,
Stretching my legs like everything,
When all of a sudden I turned around,
For close beside me I heard a sound,
A little tip and a little tap——"

"Tiddle-dee! you had a nap,
And when you were only half-awake,
Heard an icicle somewhere break."

"What's an icicle?"
"I don't know,
Rooster tells about ice and snow.
Something that isn't as good as meal,
That drops down on you and makes you squeal!"

"Well, swallow a rooster's tales, I beg,
And think you didn't come out of an egg.
I tell you I heard the old shell break,



And the first small noise you ever could make,
And mammy crudled and puffed her breast,
And pushed us farther out of the nest,
Just to make room enough for you,
And there's your shell, I say it's true!''

Chip looked over his shoulder then,
And there it lay by the old gray hen,
Half an egg shell, chipped and brown,
And he was a ball of yellow down,
Clean and chipper and smart and spry,
With the prettiest bill and the blackest eye—
''Hump,'' said he, with a little perk,
''That is a wonderful piece of work.
Peep, you silly, don't you see

That shell isn't big enough for me?
Whatever you say, miss, I declare,
I never, never could get in there!''
''You did!'' said Peep.
''I didn't!'' said Chip.
With that he gave her a horrid nip,
And Peep began to dance and peck;
And Chip stuck out his wings and neck,
As angry as two small chicks could be,
Till Mother Dorking turned to see.
She cackled and clucked and called in vain.
At it they went with might and main,
Till at last the old hen used her beak.
And Chip and Peep, with many a squeak
Staggered off from either side,
With a very funny skip and stride.

''What dreadful nonsense!'' said Mother Hen,
When she heard the story told again.
''You're bad as the two legs that don't have wings,
Nor feathers, nor combs—the wretched things!
That's the way they fight and talk,
For what is not worth a mullein stalk.
Keep your tempers, and earn your food!
I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood!''

—Author Unknown.

ENGLISH SPARROW (MALE)

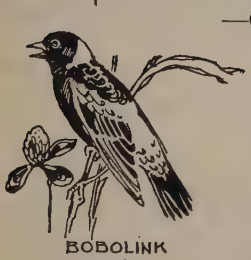
SONG SPARROW

ENGLISH SPARROW (FEMALE)

BIRDS

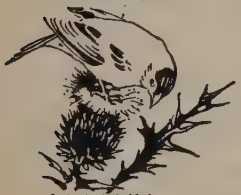
Coo-oo, coo-oo,
It's as much as a pigeon can do
To maintain two;
But the little wren can maintain ten,
And bring them up like gentlemen.

—Gloucestershire Folk Rhyme.


BOBOLINK

MEADOW LARK

MOURNING DOVE


GOLD FINCH

TREE SPARROW

CHIPPING SPARROW

FOX SPARROW

SPARROWS

It is said that there are more than a thousand species of sparrows in the world. They all have seed-crushing bills. Many of them are inconspicuous, brown-streaked birds, but a few are brightly colored. Did you suppose that the warblers sang best of all the birds? It is among the sparrows that we find some of our best songsters.

English Sparrows

Unfortunately, the word *sparrow* means *English sparrow* to most persons. The English sparrows frequently are pests and a bounty is on their heads. They are the feathered brawlers and fighters of the streets. Their numbers steadily increase. A careful report shows that "in ten years the progeny of a single pair of sparrows might amount to 275,716,983,698!" They are particularly disliked because they drive out our song birds and other birds useful to man. When English sparrows cannot oust by valor the birds we wish to encourage, they overcome them by numbers.

Often in our zeal to destroy English sparrows we

kill other members of the sparrow family. It is very important that we do not make this mistake.

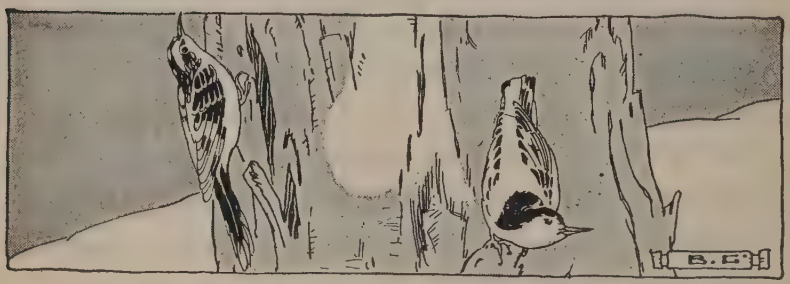
Song Sparrows

Among the best known of the sparrow family are the song sparrows. They were friendly to man—at least they were willing to build near houses—before the English sparrows drove them out. They thrive, however, at a distance from our doors—never far from water, ditch, pond, or stream—and their cheerful song still gives us much happiness. There is difference of opinion as to what the song sparrows say in their song. One person translates it: "Cheer—cheer—cheer—cheerfulness." Another person says it sounds like: "Maids, maids, maids, put on your tea-kettle-ettle-ettle-ettle." And a third person has put the song and bird into a poem, thus:

"There is a bird I know so well
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young.
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings '*Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer.*'

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
  Of many colors smart and gay;
  His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.
  And yet of all the well-dressed throng
  Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His '*Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer.*' ''

—Henry van Dyke.



BROWN CREEPER AND NUTHATCH

I

Up

Some day you may see a brown and buff and white bird creeping up a tree trunk. He starts near the base of a tree and works his way upward, winding around the trunk and bracing himself with his sharply pointed, stiff tail feathers. He looks into the crevices of the

bark for insects or their eggs, which he pulls out with his rather long, curved bill. If you go too near him, he edges just out of sight, round the trunk, without appearing to notice you. When he has gone almost to the top, he flies down to the base of a near tree and begins his upward climb again. He is a brown creeper on his rounds for food, always beginning his search near the bottom of a tree and creeping upward. His service to the trees, in ridding them of insect pests, can hardly be estimated.

II

Down

It would seem that if any insects escaped the notice of the brown creeper on his climb up a tree, they would be found by the nuthatch coming down. For the nuthatch has a way of climbing down a tree trunk head first, and peering into the crevices of the bark. Unsupported except by his feet, he can go up, down, and around a tree with ease, or walk on the under side of a branch. He eats not only insects and their eggs, but now and then he wedges small nuts into crevices and hammers or hatches them open with his bill. That is why he is called *nuthatch.*

"Yank, yank," he says in a nasal call, and goes on about his business of getting food.

WEED-DESTROYING BIRDS

There are weeds without number that threaten the farmer's crops and cause him endless work. Weeds thrive in waste places as well as in cultivated ones. When they grow among the crops they not only take up the room that useful plants should have, but they also use water and food and light that these plants need. Even if the farmer's land is fairly free of weeds, they spread so rapidly from roadside and waste land that the work of holding them in check must be constant. Certain garden weeds bear an alarming number of seeds. If all the seeds of just one of these plants were allowed to grow, by the end of the third spring there would be more plants than you alone could count, if you did nothing else the rest of your life.

Perhaps the greatest help that the farmer gets, in ridding him of weeds, is from seed-eating birds. There are at least fifty different kinds of birds that help to destroy weeds. A few kinds, such as English sparrows, mourning doves, bobolinks, and blackbirds, eat the farmer's grain as well. But it is thought that, so far as destroying seeds is concerned, they do more good than harm. English sparrows, for example, eat wheat if they can get it. But hundreds of thousands of them feed on seeds of dandelion, pigeon grass, and crab

grass, weeds that spoil lawns and pastures. We wish to be rid of English sparrows for reasons other than their grain-eating habits.

Meadow larks and goldfinches are very important as weed destroyers; and some of our native sparrows (chipping sparrows, song sparrows, field sparrows, and others) do untold service. In order to keep warm they gorge upon weed seeds, their chief food, from early autumn until late spring. They eat such quantities of seeds in cold weather that their stomachs and gullets become completely distended. They eat not only the seeds left uncovered, but a few birds, such as the song sparrows, fox sparrows, and white-throated sparrows, scratch up much buried seed as well.

That it might be known exactly what birds fed upon, the crops of some of them were examined. It was found that one tree sparrow had eaten 700 seeds of pigeon grass, and a snowflake 1,000 seeds of pigweed. In the crop of one mourning dove there were 7,500 seeds of sour grass. It has been shown that in the State of Iowa yearly, from October until April, 875 tons of weed seeds are destroyed by tree sparrows alone. At this rate the number of weeds destroyed in the United States by seed-eating birds is beyond our power to imagine.

—Adapted from "Birds as Weed Destroyers," by S. D. Judd

M. B. E.

SOME SPRING SONGS

Spring is the time of year when people feel most like singing. Perhaps Pippa's little song, which is the first that you will read, gives a reason:

PIPPA'S SONG

"The year's at the spring
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

—Robert Browning.

In England the first of May used to be the time for a great spring festival. It was kept by going into the woods and bringing home the flower-laden branches of the hawthorn tree. This tree is also called the may tree, because in the month of May it is covered with lovely white, pink, and red flowers. The branches of may were hung from doors and windows as we hang holly and evergreens at Christmas, but outside the

houses. In the city streets great bonfires were kindled and lanterns were hung from doorways. People feasted and sang and danced in the streets. The dance that belonged especially to May Day was round a tall pole, like a ship's mast, called the maypole. As they danced the boys and girls sang. This was one of their songs:

MAYPOLE DANCE

Come, lassie and lad, be blithe and glad,
  And away to the Maypole hie.
For every fair has a partner there,
  And the fiddler's standing by.
For Willy shall dance with Jane,
  And Johnny shall dance with Joan,
And trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
  Trip it up and down,
And trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
  Trip it up and down.

"You're out," says Dick. "Not I," says Nick,
  "'Twas the fiddler played it wrong."
"'Tis true," says Hugh, and so says Sue,
  And so says every one;
The fiddler then began
  To play the tune again,

And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

"Good-night," says Harry, "Good-night," says Mary,
"Good-night," says Poll to John;
"Good-night," says Sue to her stalwart Hugh,
"Good-night," says every one.
Some walked and some did run,
Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves by promises twelve,
To meet the next holiday.
And bound themselves by promises twelve
To meet the next holiday. —English Folk Song.

In Shakespeare's time, Thomas Nash wrote this "Spring Song." You will find that after all these years it does very well for a song of spring today:

SPRING

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring;
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay;
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day;
And we hear aye, birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet;
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring, the sweet Spring.

—Thomas Nash.

A MEMORY

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing:
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears.

—William Allingham.

In most parts of America we seldom find the hawthorn tree. But we have many kinds of fruit trees that blossom in April and May, which are as beautiful as the hawthorn. One of these, commonly seen in both England and America, the poem tells about:

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings its story,
In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,

Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring,
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render,
In the spring.

—William Martin.

SLEEPYHEAD

As I lay awake in the white moonlight,
I heard a faint singing in the wood,
"Out of bed,
Sleepyhead,
Put your foot, and come away;
Clear peeps the moonbeam,
A-bloom is the may;
Leave your sleep and with the fairies
Come, child, and play!"

I looked out of the window, in the white moonlight,
The leaves were like snow in the wood—

"Listen, O listen,
Music is falling;
Tiny lanterns clash and glisten;
Voices are calling;
Far, far the blue air shakes,
Hovering and winging,
Float we in light and shadow,
Singing—singing."

Softly I stooped in the dim moonlight
To put on my stocking and my shoe,
But the sweet shrill singing echoed faintly away,
And the gray of the morning peeped through,
And the voices that called me were blackbird and robin,
Astir in the twilight and dew. —Walter de la Mare.

BEN, THE BABY BEAR

Bears are among the most interesting animals to study. Clumsy as they seem on their feet, they can outrun a man; stupid as they look, they have a surprising amount of intelligence. For this reason there are more good true stories about them than about most animals.

These stories about a little black bear are all true.

BEN, THE BABY BEAR

I

Now that we had caught our three cubs, housed them, and named them, how were we going to feed them, and, worse still, *what* were we going to feed them?

We began by taking a frying pan, a little flour and water, some condensed milk, and a pinch of sugar, and stewing up a sort of pap. When this had cooled, we each took a teaspoon and a squalling, kicking cub, and began to experiment. The cubs, small as they were, had sharp claws, teeth like needles, and a violent objection to being mollycoddled. Although we had on heavy buckskin gloves, and each held a cub under one arm, its front paws with one hand and a teaspoon with the other, the babies took most of their first meal ex-

ternally. The little rascals looked like pasty polar bears when the fight was over. But they behaved better the second time, and soon learned to like their new diet. In a day or two they learned to feed themselves out of a plate. And it was not very long before our problem was, how to satisfy their appetites.

Meanwhile, we had other troubles. After the little bears' first meal we had put them into their den, placed sections of bark against the opening, rolled a boulder in front and left them, as we thought, for the night. But we were soon awakened by the cries of the lonesome little fellows. As there seemed to be no prospect of their quieting down, I finally got up, built a fire, warmed some of the gruel, and gave them another feed. I then warmed a couple of flat rocks, placed these under the pine needles, and again tucked the babies into bed. At daybreak I had to get up again to feed them.

This was the first night. The following nights were worse. The interval between feeds became less and less. Finally, as soon as a cub was put down, it set up a bawling that was unbearable. One night we put them all into a sack and tied the mouth. This kept them from bawling so long as they could not get out of the sack, but they all fell to work with tooth and nail, and their combined voices soon announced that they had succeeded in freeing themselves and were pacing

in front of their cave. I got up and put them into another sack, and this sack inside another. Then I put the bundle in the den and with the shovel buried it more than a foot deep with dirt. Then I put rocks over the top and front of their house. At first the snuffing and snorting they made in working on the sack was nearly as bad as the bawling, but we finally got to sleep in spite of it. Later we were roused by familiar sounds, which proclaimed that the sacks had been clawed to bits, the cave dug open, and that the trio were waiting to see what kind of game we should next invent for their entertainment. This was our last attempt to keep them quiet. After that we fed them all they would eat and then let them howl.

At first Ben and George would scratch and bite if we touched them, but we never whipped them or corrected them in any way, and they soon lost their fear of us. We put on heavy leather gloves, handled them gently but firmly, and—let them chew. They were so small that they could do us no harm and after a few days they grew as gentle as kittens. It was not long before, when they were not tied, they would come and climb into our laps. They would lick our hands like puppies, and when allowed to would come into our tent and snuggle down beside us on our blankets. During the whole five years that I kept Ben I never once struck

or whipped him and never allowed any one to tease him, and a more gentle and playful animal I never saw.

Just in front of their little den there was a large stump with a long root that sloped away down the bank. One day Spencer picked up a cub, and placing it, doubled up like a ball, on the old root, sent it rolling downward. To our amazement the bear did not try to regain his feet until he stopped rolling some fifteen feet away. Spencer was so amused that he brought him back and once more sent him tumbling down the incline. The result was the same as before. The bear kept whirling until he landed at the end of the root. The other cub was now brought out and we found that he would do the same thing. We sent them down, first backward then forward. Either way the little fellows seemed to enjoy the sport as much as we; and it was not long before they would climb up on the root and, ducking their tiny heads, would go rolling down the toboggan-slide. In the end we actually had to tie them up to keep them from overdoing it.

We continued to keep them fastened most of the time by their buckskin leads to the stake driven near their den, and they spent much of their time walking round and round in circles. They never, however, by any chance accompanied each other in the same direction, but invariably travelled different ways. For the

most part they rather ignored each other when they met on these journeys, or stopped to play in all friendliness. Perhaps they would pass without noticing each other a dozen times, when suddenly, as they met again, they would rise on their hind legs and look at each other with an expression of complete surprise, as if to say: "Where in all creation did *you* come from? Here I have been travelling this circle for half an hour, and never suspected there was another bear in this part of the country." And then, as though to celebrate the lucky meeting, they would embrace and tumble about for a few minutes and then separate and perhaps pass each other a dozen times more with no notice taken. Then the little comedy would be re-enacted.

After his sister and brother had died, Ben had no companions except ourselves and a dog called Jim. He grew more friendly and playful each day. He would coax Jim to come and romp with him and they would chase each other about until the dog was tired out. Ben seemed to be tireless and would never quit playing until chained up, or until the badgered dog turned on him in earnest. Even then the bear used not to give up hope immediately. After the first really angry snap from Jim, Ben would stand off a few feet and look apologetic. Then, if nothing more happened, he would approach the dog with a kind of experimental brisk-

ness; only, however, to turn a back somersault in his haste to get out of the reach of Jim's teeth. A few minutes later, after Jim had lain down and was apparently asleep, Ben would steal up quietly and, very gently, with just the tip of his paw, would touch his old playfellow to find out if he really meant that the romp was off. And it was the deep growl that always greeted this last appeal that seemed to settle the matter in Ben's mind. He would then keep out of Jim's way until the latter felt like having another game.

Ben was very quick to learn and we only had to show him a few times to have him learn a new trick. He continued to enjoy cartwheeling down the old root, and one of the other things he took to with the most zest was a sort of juggling act with a ball, a trick we discovered by accident. We made him a large ball out of a length of rope, sewed it up in a gunny sack to keep it from unwinding, and he would lie on his back by the hour and keep the thing spinning with his four feet.

II

One day we climbed a ridge and camped on the border of one of the beautiful summit meadows where grow the camas, the shooting star, the dogtooth violet, the spring beauty, and other plants that the grizzlies love. The snow, by now, had disappeared. Freshly

dug holes and the enormous tracks of grizzlies told us plainly that we had reached the happy hunting ground. And now I began to learn from Ben much about the wonderful instincts of animals.

Now, while we camped near this mountain meadow, Ben would pull at his leash and even bawl to get loose. I soon let him go and followed him about to learn what he wished to do. I was amazed to find that he knew every root and plant that the oldest bears knew and fed upon in that particular range of mountains. He would work around by the hour, paying not the least attention to my presence; eat a bit of grass here, dig for a root there, and never once make a mistake. When he got something that I did not recognize, I would take it away from him and examine it to see what it was. In this way I learned many kinds of roots that the bears feed on in their wild state. I have seen Ben dig a foot down into the ground and unearth a bulb that had not yet begun to send out its shoot. Later, when the time came for the June berries and huckleberries to ripen, he would go about pulling down bushes, searching for berries. And not once in the whole summer did I ever see him pull down a bush that was not a berry bush. This was the more remarkable because he would occasionally examine berry bushes on which there happened to be no berries at the time.

At our next camp we killed a small moose for meat, and the hide was used during the remainder of the trip as a cover for one of the packs. After a few days in the sun it dried as hard as a board and of course took

the shape of the pack over which it had been used. This skin box now became Ben's home when in camp. It was placed on the ground and Ben's picket pin driven near it. He soon learned to raise one edge and crawl inside. It was funny, when he had done some mischief in camp and we stamped our feet and ran after him, to see him fly to the protection of his skin tipi, and raise the edge with one paw so quickly that there seemed no pause in his flight. When he was safe inside, we would hear him strike the ground with his fore foot and utter angry "whoofs," daring us to come any nearer. After a few minutes the edge of the hide would be lifted a few inches and a little gray nose would peep out. If no notice was taken of him he would come back into camp, only to get into trouble again and be once more shooed back to cover.

Ben took great pride in this home of his and was an exemplary housekeeper. No insect was ever permitted to dwell in its coarse hair. At first, when the hide was green, the flies would crowd into the hair and "blow," or deposit their eggs. These Ben never allowed to hatch. As soon as he was off his pony he would get to work on his house, and with much sniffing and clawing would dig out and eat every egg to be found. Not one ever escaped his keen little nose.

He grew to be more of a pet each day and he still

juggled his ball of rope. Indeed, he got to be a great expert at this trick. He knew his own frying pan from the others, and would set up a hungry bawl as soon as it was brought out. His food in camp was still flour and water, a little sugar, and condensed milk. This we fed him for more than a month, and then we cut out the milk and gave him just flour and water with a pinch of sugar. He did not care about meat and would eat his frying pan food, or bread, in preference to deer or moose meat. Sometimes, when we killed a grizzly, we would bring in some of the meat and cook it for the dogs. This was the only meat that Ben would touch and very little of that. But he showed unmistakable signs of temper whenever a new bearskin was added to our growing pile of pelts. No amount of coaxing would induce him to take a romp. Not even for his only four-footed friend Jim would he come out of his huff. He would retreat beneath his moose-skin house, and we could hear him strike the ground, champ his jaws, and utter his blowing "whoofs." I was never able to make out whether he resented or was made fearful by the killing of his kind, or whether it was the smell of the grizzlies, of which the black bear is more or less afraid, that affected him.

III

Spencer had a way, when Ben was not looking, of suddenly scuffling his feet on the ground and going "Whoof-whoof!" to frighten the cub. This would either send Ben flying up a tree or start him in a mad rush for his moose-skin house, before he realized what the noise was. But one evening after this trick had been sprung on the cub several times, we came into camp well after dark, tired, hungry, and not thinking of Ben. As Spencer passed a large tree there was a sudden and loud scuffling on the ground at his very heels and a couple of genuine "whoof-whoofs" that no one who had ever heard a bear could mistake. Spencer made a wild leap to one side before he thought of Ben and realized that his pupil had learned a new trick and was getting even with his master.

The acuteness of Ben's senses was almost beyond belief. Nothing ever succeeded in approaching our camp without his knowing it. Not only before we could hear a sound ourselves, but before we could have expected even his sharp ears or sensitive nostrils to detect anything, he would stand on his hind feet and listen, or get behind a tree and peer out with one eye. At such times nothing would distract his attention from the approaching object. Moreover, whenever he had one of these spells of suspicion, something invariably

appeared. It might prove to be a moose or a deer or an elk, but something would always finally walk out into view. We camped in a canyon through which flowed an excellent trout-stream. We were still miles from any settlement and had no idea that there was another human being in the same county. I was lying in the shade of a large tree. Ben as usual was lying beside me with his head on my breast, asleep. Suddenly he waked, stood up on his hind legs, and looked up the canyon. I also looked, but, seeing nothing, pulled the bear down beside me again. For a while he was quiet, but he soon stood up again and gazed uneasily up the creek. As nothing appeared I again made him lie down; but there was plainly something on his mind, and at last he jumped to his feet, pushed out his upper lip, and began the blowing sound that he always made when something did not suit him. And there, more than two hundred yards away and wading in the middle of the creek, was a man, fishing. In some way Ben had been aware of his approach long before he had rounded the turn that brought him into sight of our camp.

IV

At last I took Ben with me to Spokane. I fitted up a woodshed for him with a door opening into a small

court, and put an old, partly rotted log there to remind him of the forest. He soon became a great favorite, and as no one was allowed to tease him, he continued to be friendly and gentle.

This shed in which Ben lived had the earth for a floor, and adjoining it there was a carriage house with a floor some ten or twelve inches above the ground. One day soon after Ben was placed in the shed, I came home and found a large pile of fresh earth and a hole leading down under the carriage house. I could hear Ben digging and puffing at the bottom of it, and when I called he came out, his silky black coat covered with dirt. I had never seen him dig before, except for a root, and at the time when I had buried him alive to hush his crying in the little cave in the Bitter Roots. It was several days before I understood what he was about. Then it came to me that he was building himself a winter home. I have learned since that bears in captivity by no means always show a desire to hibernate; but Ben had the instinct thoroughly developed.

Instinct it was, for he had never seen a bear's den except the one that he left as a tiny cub. He evidently regarded the work as a most serious and important undertaking, and I watched his labors with much interest. He devoted several hours each day to shaping his cave and at times would break suddenly away in the

very middle of a romp and hurry to his digging. If I caught him by his short tail and dragged him out of the hole, he would rush back to his work as soon as released. I even enlarged the entrance so that I could crawl in and watch him work, and on one or two occasions I undertook to help him. But, while he did not resent this, my work did not seem to please him; he moved the dirt which I had dug and resettled it to suit himself. He piled loose earth up under the floor of the carriage house and pushed and jammed it tight up against the boards until there was not a crack or space left through which a draft could reach him. The hole itself he made about four feet in diameter and about three feet deep; and when this part of the work was finished he turned his attention to furnishing his home. He found some cast-off clothing in the alley near his shed and dragged it into his den under the carriage house. After arranging it he hurried out to look for more, and for several evenings the furnishing of the sleeping apartment occupied the greater part of his time. Once he came back dragging a fine cashmere shawl that he pulled off a clothesline where one of the neighbors had hung it to air! Not until the floor of his den was several inches deep in rags did he give up foraging and once more return to his usual habits.

—Adapted from "Ben the Black Bear," by William H. Wright.

B.G

ARBOR DAY

A grandfather and his son and grandsons took counsel on the planting of an orchard. All agreed that they should have the orchard, but no one wished to set out the trees. The grandsons said it would take the trees too long to bear; they would not plant them. The son said he would be dead before the trees matured; he would not plant them. The grandfather planted the trees, and lived to eat the fruit for many years.—

—Old Fable, by Stoughton Cooley.

Oh, fair to see
Bloom-laden cherry tree,
  Arrayed in sunny white;
  An April day's delight,
Oh, fair to see!

Oh, fair to see
Fruit-laden cherry-tree,
  With balls of shining red
  Decking a leafy head,
Oh, fair to see!

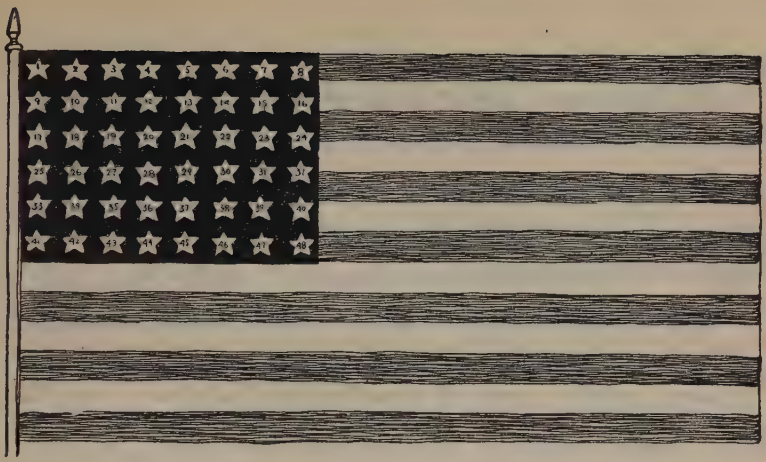
—Christina Rossetti.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

In summer time, when flow'rs do spring,
And birds sit on each tree,
Let lords and knights say what they will,
There's none so merry as we.
There's Will and Moll, and Harry and Doll,
And Tom and Bonny Bettee,
Oh, how they do skip it, caper and trip it,
Under the greenwood tree. —Old Song.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather. —W. Shakespeare.



The thirteen red and white bars represent our thirteen original States. Whenever a State has been admitted to the Union, a star has been added to the flag. In the flag pictured above the stars have been numbered. Which is the star for your State?

WHAT IS OUR FLAG?

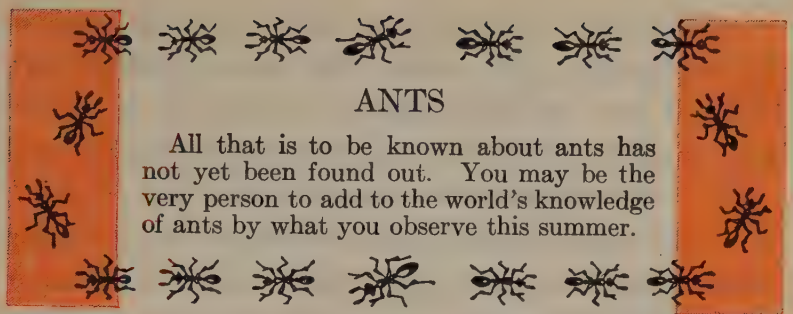
When an explorer finds a new part of the world, the first thing he does is to put up his country's flag. He does this as a sign that the new land is to belong to his country. He takes possession of it in the name of his country. After that, his country is bound to defend the new land and is supposed to make it safe for people to live there.

Our flag is as old as our country. It was first made in 1776. All the people who came to settle in America

had flags of their own. There was a Spanish flag, a French flag, an English flag; and all the people who came from Holland, Sweden, Germany, or any other countries, had flags of their own. When we made our flag in 1776, it meant that we were now going to have a country of our own.

In the blue square in the corner of our first flag there was a group of stars. At first there were only thirteen, one for each of the thirteen colonies. As the country grew, more stars were added. Now we have as many stars as we have States. The picture will show you where the star of your State is.

Ever since our country was made independent of England, in 1776, people have come here from all over the earth. The real Americans are the Indians, who have lived here for thousands of years. Perhaps the first foreigners to settle here, of whom we have certain record, were the Norse and the Spaniards. Then came the French and the British; and soon after the Dutch, the Germans, the Swedes—people of many lands. The grandparents and great-grandparents of most of us were born in a foreign land. But wherever our parents and grandparents were born, we are Americans now. We are trying to make our country as good as she is great. We are trying to make ourselves good citizens, worthy of the flag we all love.


ANTS
All that is to be known about ants has not yet been found out. You may be the very person to add to the world's knowledge of ants by what you observe this summer.

ANTS

I

Work Done by Ants

Let us consider the ways of ants. Ants will be found piling up their pretty cones of sand or clay as well as of black earth. And in some soils the ants do more important work than worms. In the course of a single year they may bring fresh soil to the surface to the average depth of a quarter of an inch over many square miles. This not only helps to keep the farmer's fields fertile by adding fresh, unused earth, but enriches them by burying the vegetation—such as leaves and twigs and branches broken from dead trees by storms—so that it decays. This burying of vegetation is the very thing the good farmer does when he spreads his fields with manure from the barnyard, or when he plows under the stubble.

Ants throw out their little heaps of fresh earth in the building of their homes. The mining ants dig galleries in clay, building pillars to support the work and covering them with thatches of grass. The red and yellow field ants are the masons. They first raise pillars and then construct arches between them, covering these arches with the loose piles of soil which we know as ant hills. The carpenter ants bore their cells in the dead limbs of trees, and the wood dust they make from them hurries on the process of returning these dead limbs to the soil. One kind of carpenter ant covers its walls with a mixture of sawdust, earth, and spiders' webs. An ant in Australia builds its home of leaves fastened together with a kind of saliva. One kind of ant adds new stories to old houses as the colony grows, much as in the growth of cities and villages, the buildings grow taller with the growth of the town. Just as men do, such ants first build the side walls and then the ceilings. Two groups are employed on the ceiling at the same time, each group working toward the other from the opposite wall and meeting in the middle.

II

Ants as Architects

I once saw a foolish worker starting a roof from the top of one of the side walls without paying any atten-

tion to the fact that the other wall was much higher. The result was he struck the middle of it, instead of joining it at the top. Another ant passing, possibly the supervising architect, saw what was going to happen. So what did he do but stop and tear down the other's work and build the ceiling over again!

"There! *That's* the way to put in a ceiling," he seemed to say. "For goodness' sake, where *did* you learn your trade?"

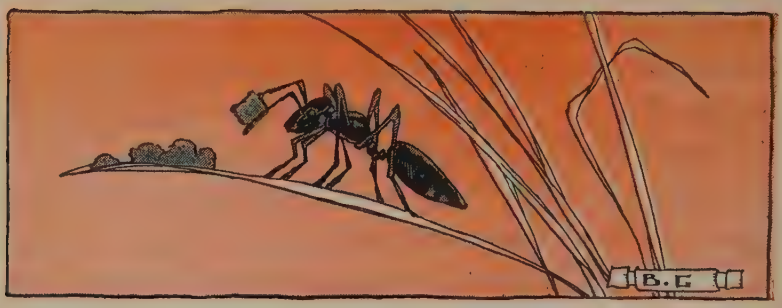
Huber, the famous student of ants, saw two of these wonderful insects do the very same thing.

Sometimes it is necessary to build a very wide ceiling, so wide that it would fall of its own weight unless supported in some way. Then what would you do; that is, if *you* were an ant?

"Why, I'd put up pillars to hold it."

That's exactly what the ants do; they put up pillars; but instead of using steel beams, as men do in this day of steel, the ant architects make pillars of clay —build them up with pellets, little clay bricks which they shape with their mandibles—their jaws.

But the ants seem to have some of the methods of steel construction, too; for example, the use of girders. A French student of ants tells how, when a certain roof threatened to fall, an ant used a blade of grass as a girder, just as men use steel girders today. The ant



fastened a little mass of earth on the end of a grass stalk growing near to bend it over; then gnawed it a little at the bottom to make it bend still more, and finally fixed it with mud pellets into the roof.

You have heard about the lazy man with the hole in his roof? He never mended it in dry weather because it didn't need it, and when it rained he *couldn't* mend it on account of the rain!

Well, ants are as different from that man as anything you could imagine. They are not lazy; and they never put off needed work on their roofs on account of rain. In fact, they *choose* the first wet day to do it. As soon as the rain begins they build up a thick terrace on the roof of the old dwelling, carrying in their jaws little piles of finely ground earth which they spread out with their hind legs. Then, by hollowing out this roof, they turn it into a new story. Last of all, they put on the ceiling. You see, the rain helps them in mixing their clay.

There are ants that build up vaulted viaducts or covered ways, and they use clay for that. They make the clay by mixing earth with saliva. Some of these viaducts reach out from the house—the ants' house—to their "cow" pasture.

Do you know that ants keep cows, little insects called aphids? The aphids feed on plants, and the clay viaducts protect the ants from their enemies and from the sun in going to and from the pasture; for this particular family of ants doesn't like the sun. They make clay sheds for their cattle, too. Here and there along the clay viaduct are large roomy spaces—cow-sheds, so to speak—where the little honey cows gather when they aren't feeding. Another kind of ant builds earth huts around its cow pastures.

III

Ants That Thresh and Store

Among the six-legged farmers, you may be sure, there have always been many who took thought for the morrow—the ants, for example. One can believe almost anything of ants. One species harvests the seeds of the plant known as the "shepherd's-purse," by twisting off the pods with its hind legs. These members of the ant family store grains of oats, wheat, and other plants. They pick up all the seeds they can

find that the autumn winds have already threshed for them. If they don't find enough seeds on the ground when it comes time to think about the winter stores, they climb up and gather in the seeds themselves. On the shepherd's-purse, for example, the ant climbs up,

selects a well-filled pod which is not sufficiently dried to have had its seeds threshed out by the winds, takes the pod in its little jaws and then—watch him—turns round and round on his hind legs until he twists it off! Then with it he carefully moves down the stem, like a baggageman carrying a big trunk from the third apartment; only the baggageman carries the trunk in front of him or on his shoulders, while the ant backs his

way down. Sometimes two ants work together, one twisting, the other cutting away the fibres with its teeth. Sometimes they drop the pod to companions waiting below, and these other helpers never run off with it, but carry it to the common granary. Ants always play fair.

And they have granaries, these ant farmers—hundreds of them, made just for storing, each about the size of father's watch.

If you stow away a lot of seeds in a little hill where, of course, there's moisture, what's going to happen? Those seeds are going to sprout and grow and spoil, and this sprouting will destroy their value as food. Then what are you going to do? A human farmer would put his grains in a dry granary where they couldn't sprout; but you see the ants haven't any granary of that sort. They have only little holes in the moist ground. Just what they do to these seeds has not been discovered. They do something that keeps them from either spoiling or sprouting. But, when they get ready for the seeds to grow, they let them grow, not in order to raise a crop, but to make the seeds soft and tender to eat. This growing changes the starch in the seeds into sugar. When the sprouts have grown as far as the ants want them to, they gnaw the stalk a little, and cut off the roots with their

mandibles. When this sugar making has gone on long enough, the ants bring all the plants out into the sun and let them lie there until they are nicely dried. Then they put them in their barns, and as long as winter lasts they live on this sweet flour, grinding it in their mouth-mills as they go along.

But there's another kind of farming ant more wonderful still. If we wish to call on this family, we shall have to go to Texas.

These ants destroy every plant on their little farms except that known as ant rice. Compared with the size of the ants themselves, these grainfields are giant forests, far bigger than the Sequoia forests of California. The ants watch for rain at harvest time as anxiously as a farmer, and on the first sunny day they do their cutting and hurry the grain into the barn. Then on later sunny days they bring it out to dry before finally storing it away.

"Well," you say, "is there anything left that these farmers *don't* do?"

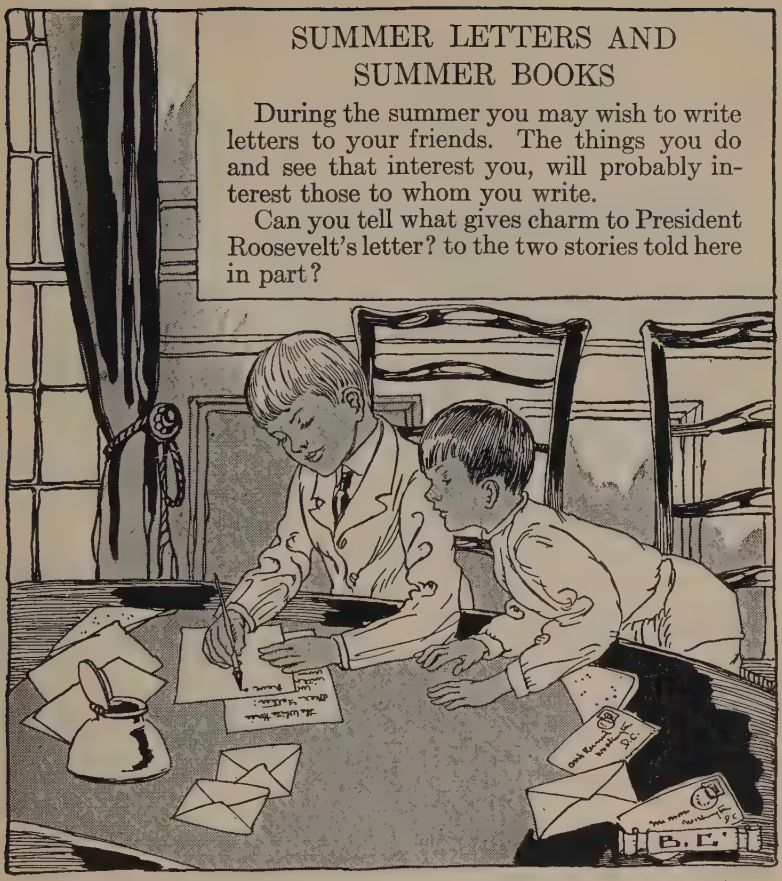
I can't think of anything except the planting. One observer says that they do actually plant the seeds, and Doctor McCook, who has studied their ways, says he wouldn't be surprised if they did, but he never saw them do it.

—"The Adventures of a Grain of Dust," by Hallam Hawksworth.

SUMMER LETTERS AND SUMMER BOOKS

During the summer you may wish to write letters to your friends. The things you do and see that interest you, will probably interest those to whom you write.

Can you tell what gives charm to President Roosevelt's letter? to the two stories told here in part?



A LETTER FROM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Del Monte, Cal., May 10, 1903

Blessed Archie,

I think it was very cunning for you and Quentin to write me that letter together. I wish you could have

been with me today on Algonquin, for we had a perfectly lovely ride. Dr. Rixey and I were on two handsome horses, with Mexican saddles and bridles; the reins of slender leather with silver rings. The road led through pine and cypress forests and along the beach. The surf was beating on the rocks in one place and right between two of the rocks, where I really did not see how anything could swim, a seal appeared and stood on his tail half out of the foaming water and flapped his flippers, and was as much at home as anything could be. Beautiful gulls flew close to us all around, and cormorants swam along the breakers or walked along the beach.

I have a number of treasures to divide among you children when I get back. One of the treasures is Bill the Lizard. He is a little live lizard, called a horned toad, very cunning, who lives in a small box. The little badger, Josh, is well and eats milk and potatoes. We took him out and gave him a run in the sand today. So far he seems as friendly as possible. When he feels hungry he squeals and the colored porters insist that he says "Du-la-ny, Du-la-ny," because Dulany is good to him and takes care of him.

IN THE APPLE BARREL

We had some heavy weather, which only proved the qualities of the *Hispaniola*. Every man on board seemed well content, and they must have been hard to please if they had been otherwise; for it is my belief there was never a ship's company so spoiled since Noah

put to sea. Double grog was going on the least excuse; there was duff on odd days, as, for instance, if the squire heard it was any man's birthday; and always a barrel of apples standing open for any one to help himself that had a fancy.

"Never knew good come of spoiled foc's'le hands," said the captain.

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear; for if it had not been for that, we should have had no warning, and might all have perished by the hand of treachery.

This is how it came about.

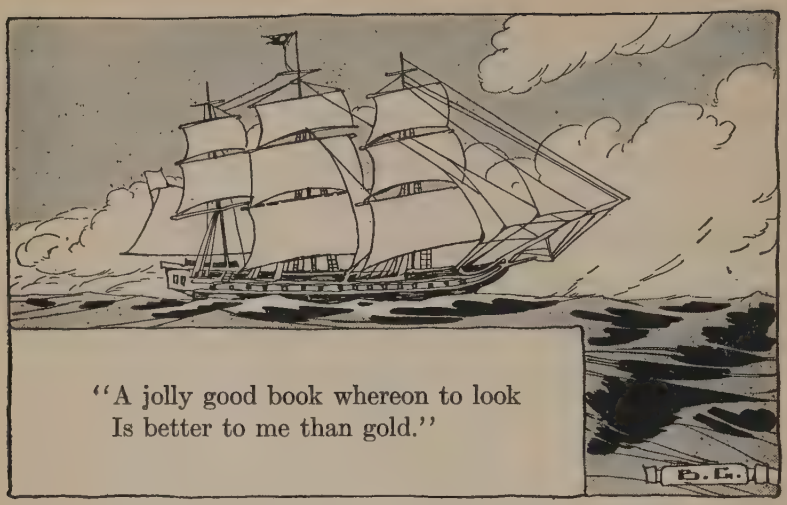
We had run up the trades to get the wind of the island we were after. It was about the last day of our outward voyage; some time that night, or, at latest, before noon of the morrow, we should sight the Treasure Island. We were heading S. S. W., and had a steady breeze a-beam and a quiet sea. The *Hispaniola* rolled steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. Every one was in the bravest spirits, because we were so near an end of the first part of our adventure.

Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over, and I was on my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple. I ran on deck. The watch was all forward looking out for the island.

The man at the helm was watching the luff of the sail, and whistling away gently to himself; and that was the only sound excepting the swish of the sea against the bows and around the sides of the ship.

In I got bodily into the apple barrel, and found there was scarce an apple left; but, sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the waters and the rocking movement of the ship, I had either fallen asleep or was on the point of doing so, when a heavy man sat down with rather a clash close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and, before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world, but lay there trembling and listening, in the extreme of fear and curiosity; for from these dozen words I understood that the lives of all the honest men aboard depended upon me alone.

If you care to know what Jim Hawkins heard as he sat in the apple barrel, ask some one to read to you, or read for yourself, "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson.



A SEA-SONG FROM THE SHORE[1]

Hail! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!
Who calls to me,
So far at sea?
Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!
Hail! Ho!
The sailor he sails the sea:
I wish he would capture

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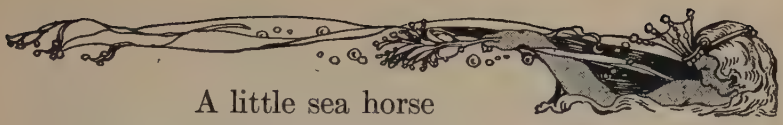


A little sea horse
And send him home to me.

I wish as he sails
Through the tropical gales,
He would catch me a sea bird, too,
With its silver wings
And the song it sings,
And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me
A little mermaid,
Some island where he lands,
With her dripping curls,
And her crown of pearls,
And the looking glass in her hands!

Hail! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Sail far o'er the fabulous main!
And if I were a sailor,
I'd sail with you,
Though I never sailed back again.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE RUNAWAY FURNITURE

Gelett Burgess, the author, has a happy way of making you think, in this nonsense story.

B.C.

Why the Furniture Was Discontented

It was the sly old rocking-chair that began it by saying: "I have been sat upon quite enough! Not to speak of the horrid men that put their feet in my lap."

"I don't see why you should care if they put their feet on you," a pert little footstool replied. "For my part, I think it's low of them to sit on me; *you* were made for that, but I wasn't!"

"At least," the old sofa grumbled, "only one can sit on you at a time—you needn't complain. What

would you do if a half dozen of them tried to sit on you at once? That's what they do to me!''

''Well, they can't throw you around the room and use you for a stepladder or a table, anyway!'' interrupted a frisky young stool. ''They not only put their feet on me, but they stand on me, too! Look at my rungs—they're all barked and sore; the skin's all knocked off.''

''Wait till they break your leg, as they did mine, before you talk,'' said the easy chair. ''They gave my arm an awful wrench yesterday. Soon I shall have to go to the cabinet-maker's, and have it set. Perhaps you know what hot glue feels like, young fellow?''

''No, thank heaven, I don't!'' said the stool; ''but I have been scraped and sandpapered!''

''*That* doesn't hurt!'' said the table. ''When they begin to use the plane on you, then you can squeak! Here I am, with only two casters to my feet. I wonder how *they'd* like to go without toes?''

''That's all right; you don't have to be upholstered, and tacked and sewn up. Perhaps it's fun to have long needles stuck into you every year or so, and about a thousand tacks driven in, and have all your stuffing pulled out!'' The rocking-chair tossed violently as it spoke, and hitched its way over to the stool.

"What are you going to do about it?" said the piano stool, turning from one to the other.

"I have been thinking about it, and I propose that we all strike. Let us send the footstool through the town to tell all the furniture in all the houses to strike," said the rocker.

That night the little footstool stole out-of-doors, and visited a dozen houses. Up and down the street spread the news. Every piece of furniture in the City o' Ligg was at last converted, except the pianos.

"It's all right for you fellows," they said, "but we have no complaints. They don't dare abuse *us,* and stand on us, or leave the window open so that we'll catch cold. We're too expensive! But go on. We wish you good luck!"

So it was decided that, on a certain night, every piece of furniture in the City o' Ligg should run away into the woods outside the town. The houses, after a good deal of talk, agreed to open their doors.

Now the little boy named Yak that night went to sleep upon the old sofa, under a large shawl. The old sofa did not notice him at all.

How the Furniture Marched Away

At twelve o'clock that night, all over the City o' Ligg, the doors of the houses slowly opened. Creeping

B.G.

quietly downstairs came lines of chairs, and stools, and tables, and sofas. As each house was emptied, the furniture formed in line and marched silently to the park in the center of the town. The lamp-posts waved at them as they passed, and the few ash barrels that were left upon the streets rolled with laughter to see the clumsy old pieces of furniture go by. The rocking-chair divided the whole army into divisions for the march.

First came the little footstools. After these came the three and four legged stools and piano stools, which creaked like a fife corps in time with the marching legs of the straight chairs that followed. There were thousands of these: dining chairs, parlor chairs with curved legs, kitchen chairs—stuffed, padded, and cane seated. The armchairs and sofas came next, waddling along heavily, and a regiment of tables brought up the rear. Beside the procession galloped the rockers, keeping the whole line moving like soldiers, and carrying orders back and forth. The chairs with casters went very smoothly on the paved streets, but when they struck the rough country roads, they slipped about comically.

Just at daybreak they came to the wood. There the whole army stood around among the trees, and rested. They laughed to think that their days of work were over. As long as they could hide in the forest they were safe.

Just then little Yak awoke. When he put his head out from under the shawl, he was astonished to see himself in the forest. When he looked round, and saw thousands and thousands of chairs and tables and sofas, he could not believe his eyes. The old rocker had just begun to make a speech.

"Fellow Pieces," said he, "this is all right for a beginning, but we have a greater duty to perform. There is no doubt that as soon as our loss is discovered, other pieces of furniture will be bought and will have to suffer as we suffered. Can we be happy here, while our brothers and sisters are slaves to the tyrant Man?"

"No!" cried all the furniture, with one voice.

"No!" answered the rocker. "I, myself, am solid mahogany, and one of the best patterns made; but even if I were a poor, cheap chair, my glue would boil at such selfishness. Let us send messengers into the town every night, and teach our friends how to follow our example! Who will go first?"

How Yak Brought the News

Yak waited to hear no more. Luckily he was near the outside, for if he had been observed he would have been trodden to death by the chairs. He dropped to the ground and crawled out of sight, and then ran home as fast as he could. He found the City o' Ligg

in confusion. It was now noon, and nobody had been able to sit down, except upon the floor, since early morning. There was not a seat left in the whole town. The people had to eat their dinners from the mantelpieces or sitting tailor-wise on the floor. They could not imagine what had become of all their chairs and tables.

Yak went to the mayor and told his story.

"It is impossible that my furniture should have been so ungrateful!" said the mayor. "Why, it was only last spring that I gave every piece in my house a new coat of varnish!"

"Well," said Yak, "there they all are, and I doubt if there is much varnish left on them by this time."

The mayor was at last convinced of what had happened. Taking many horses, carts, wagons, drays, trucks, and vans, he went out to the wood to see what could be done about the matter. When the pieces of furniture saw men approaching, they drew up in line of battle and prepared to fight the enemy. Before the mayor knew what to expect, a gallant charge of rocking-chairs had attacked. While the men were still in confusion, the heavy dining tables advanced, and began to rear and kick so that no one could stand against them. The solid mahogany sofas blocked the way; soon the mayor and all his men were surrounded by an army of angry furniture.

Although the furniture had won the victory, the old rocker knew that, now their hiding place was discovered, the mayor would soon bring up a regiment of saws and planes that would cut the furniture all to pieces. So he advised the furniture to make peace with the mayor.

How Peace Was Made

The mayor made a fuss about the terms, but after he had hesitated some time, eight elephantine billiard tables threatened to begin to kick with their legs if he did not agree immediately. So the mayor, now quite terrified, signed the following agreement for the City o' Ligg:

1. Owners of furniture should not put their feet on anything but footstools, and should not sit on anything but chairs and sofas.

2. Furniture should be repaired and revarnished as soon as possible after being broken or scratched.

3. Furniture should be upholstered with only the best and softest materials, and covered with good taste, gimp to be glued on, and not tacked.

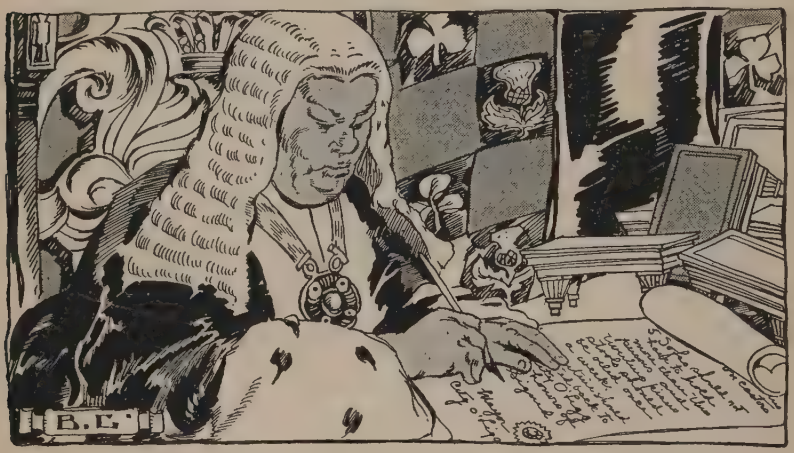
4. Rocking-chairs should have the ends of all rockers round, instead of pointed, and all other chairs should be on casters.

5. Sofas should not have to hold more than three

persons, and the twirling piano stools should be oiled once a week.

6. All the furniture should be carted back to the City o' Ligg with the honors of war.

Back they were carried, indeed. They drove into the city, waving their legs from a thousand carts, wag-



ons, drays, trucks, and vans, from which they were selected by their crestfallen owners, and taken to their homes. The houses welcomed them soberly enough; but more than one window winked its shutter, as if to say, "That's all right, but I wonder how long it will be before my master puts his feet again on the rungs of his best white-and-gold parlor chairs?"

—"The Lively City o' Ligg,"
by Gelett Burgess.

HELPS

THE TURNIP CHILDREN, page 13. What were the Turnip Children? Why did they steal turnips?

Did the story end as you expected?

What other title could you give to the story?

THE ELEPHANT, page 24. Which part of the story surprised you most? What interesting things have you seen an elephant do?

For a long story about an elephant and his Indian boy trainer read *Kari, the Elephant*, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. For a short story about a boy who saw the elephants dance, read "Toomai of the Elephants," by Rudyard Kipling. It is in the *Jungle Book*.

A COUNTRY FAIR, page 36. Write which exhibit in a fair you would wish most to see. Which exhibit would you care least to see? What are you able to do or make that could be exhibited at a fair?

DONKEY JOHN OF TOY VALLEY, page 40. Donkey John lived in the Alps in Austria. For the story of a little girl who lived in the Swiss Alps, read *Heidi*, by Johanna Spyri; and for the story of a little boy, read *Moni, the Goat Boy*, by Johanna Spyri.

THE OWL, page 48. Name at least four things about the way in which owls are made that assist them in catching their food. If you do not know, look at page 48 to find out. What is their food? How do we know, without doubt, what owls eat?

In what ways are owls helpful to man? How could you show, in a set of posters, the service of owls to man? Should we or should we not protect owls?

SEA GULLS, page 50. What do gulls eat? How important is it that we understand their service in their habits of food?

As gulls may be seen inland in the fields as well as over water they need protection everywhere. Choose some child to tell in another grade the story of the gulls in a harbor city of South America. How shall you know which child to choose? Perhaps another child can tell what the gulls once upon a time did for the people in Salt Lake City. Perhaps a set of posters about gulls will help the children to remember what you tell them.

ENTERTAINING THE BIRDS, page 56. One plan for helping birds is to form a bird club. If there are Boy Scouts in your town or village, they will be able to help in founding such a club. By writing to the Bureau of Biological Survey, Washington, D. C., you can obtain a

Directory of Officials and Organizations Connected with the Protection of Birds and Game. Or by writing to the National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York, you can find out how to get further information. There is a book by M. Hieseman on *How to Attract and Protect Wild Birds,* which will help you. Food should be bought wholesale. Sometimes interested merchants will supply it at cost.

Fables, page 61. It is said that Abraham Lincoln did not read *Æsop's Fables* until after he was ten years old. The book was one of the few that he owned in his youth.

Would any of the fables given here make a little play? Choose one you think you could act.

You can also make a game of acting fables. In this game, several children in a group will act a fable. Each group will give its fable without telling the class its name. The class must guess its name. It will be more fun if you act not only the fables you have just been reading, but any others that you know.

How Jim's Mice and Rabbits Were Passed Down the Line, page 68. A reef knot is a square knot. For making a parcel slip-knot see Beard's *On the Trail,* page 241. The *American Girl's Handy Book,* by L. and A. B. Beard, will interest girls who like to make things.

If the boys had known their letters were to be published, do you think they would have written as they did? What changes do you think they would have made? What must go into a good letter? What sort of letters do you like to receive?

The boys may each write a letter such as they like to get, if they haven't a real letter that needs to be written. The girls may divide their numbers into four groups, and each group plan a letter that a girl might have written during the summer. Read these to the class. As you plan a letter ask yourself: Does this letter have in it what must go into a good letter?

There is an excellent book about pets called *The Boys' Book of Pets*, by W. Percival Westell. It tells about dogs, cats, turtles, rabbits, mice, guinea pigs, moths, butterflies, pigeons, canaries, doves, parrots, poultry, and other pets; the care of these and interesting things about them.

MICE, page 75. Your own observations of field mice and house mice will be worth recording. What do you know about mice that these pages do not tell?

Notice the footprints of mice (and other animals) in sand or in snow. They will tell surprising tales of what the animals were doing, where they went, why, what followed or pursued them, and what happened.

The Second Reader, page 126, tells something about stories told by footprints. It shows the footprints of the cat, the squirrel, the rabbit, the raccoon, and the bear.

Lady Green Satin and her Maid Rosette, by Baroness des Chesnez, is a French story of performing mice.

WOODCHUCK WAYS, page 79. Some day you may wish to keep a record book about wild animals. In this story, what can you learn about the habits of woodchucks that could be put in such a book?

Try to tell as many facts of woodchuck life as you can without looking at the book. Somebody may make a list of these facts on the board. Now look over the story again and add to the list. Keep together all the facts that belong together. All that you know about how the woodchuck looks belongs in one group. What you know about his home belongs in another, his food in another, and so on.

Where might you go for more information on woodchucks? You may find it under the other name by which he is known—*ground hog*.

What tongue-twisters do you know besides these?

A big black bug bit a big black bear.

Round the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.

She sells sea shells.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickle peppers. If

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickle peppers, how many pickle peppers did Peter Piper pick?

How fast can you say these tongue-twisters?

There is a Swedish tongue-twister that begins like this: Seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven seasick seamen—

Who in the class can make the best ending for it? Try to have some one who speaks Swedish say it in Swedish.

CURIOSITY, page 84. How did Curiosity get his name? Does *curiosity* mean the same as *inquisitiveness*?

Tell of the habits of raccoons in the order that you found out about them here. Bring to class anything you can add to what already has been told about raccoons.

A HALLOWE'EN SURPRISE, page 95. What did the boys do for Mrs. Dingle? What else might they have done for her?

WHO PAID THE SIXPENCE? page 99. How did the woman think she was going to save money? How much money did she save in giving her pan to the dwarf? What kept her from saving money?

What name should you give to the little man in the chimney? What other story can you tell about a dwarf or a gnome?

THE FAIRY FOLK, page 102. This poem was written by an Irishman. In Ireland there are still many stories about fairies, and many people think that fairies are to be seen among the mountains. In Ireland there are beautiful mountains that rise high in the air and there are usually winds blowing around them. Perhaps that is why they are called airy. Between the mountains are deep, narrow valleys called glens. Often there is a small stream or brook running through the glen; or there is a pond there and its banks are covered with grass and rushes. That is why the glen is called rushy.

The little men were believed to be so small that they could hide among plants. Sometimes they wore flower bells for caps.

Our pancakes are round and flat. We should not think of them when we look at the tide rolling in on the beach. But in Ireland the pancakes are made in long rolls with sugar, lemon, and butter on the inside. You might think of them when you see the long, muddy waves rolling in.

The mountain lake is called black because it is so deep that the bottom cannot be seen and the water is very dark in color.

Why are frogs called the fairies' watchdogs?

The mountains in Ireland are not usually covered

with trees, like many of our mountains. Because they have great rocks or crags on their sides they are called craggy. What does the poem say would happen to any one who dug up one of the prickly thorn trees planted by the fairies?

Wolf Cub's Three Days' Playing, page 105. For a good book about the life of Indian children read *Indian Child Life*, by Dr. Charles Eastman. It tells about his own boyhood, when he was a little Sioux Indian.

Hiawatha, page 123. This is one of the poems children remember easily. By the time you have read it through two or three times you will find that you can say many of the lines without the book. In this way the class will be able to give most of the poem with very little help, one child taking up the lines when another stops.

Thanksgiving Day of 1779, page 136. After Thanksgiving we usually begin to make our gifts for Christmas. Here are two suggestions for gifts:

I. A WINTER GARDEN FOR CHRISTMAS

The Japanese make winter gardens in shallow bowls of water. They make wee china houses and bridges,

and people and animals to live in the garden. But they have real things growing for make-believe trees and plants—things small enough to grow in the bowl. Have you ever seen such a garden? Perhaps you can make one for your school or for your home or for a gift.

Get a shallow bowl. With clean little stones make your land. You will want a river or pond in your garden, so leave a place for these to fill in with water. If you have grass seed, you can put some between the stones; oats or barley will sprout nicely, also. For trees take the sprouted ends of carrots or turnips, about half an inch below the green sprouts. Stand the sprouted ends in the water. They will grow and make your trees. Horse-radish sprouts make splendid-looking Japanese trees. Vegetables that have "eyes" here and there, like the potato or the horse-radish or the carrot, may be cut lengthwise, so they will sprout in several places. Always wash the vegetables before you put them in your garden in the bowl, so that the little place may look fresh and clean.

You can plan to make your people and houses and bridges and ducks and animals out of things that will not spoil in water. You can have a very happy time arranging your garden to suit yourself. If you have tiny toys, you can make use of them here, but the best fun is to make or grow whatever you put in the garden.

If you make things out of wood in your school, you may like to plan stakes for the garden. Some of these can be fancy stakes for gifts. On the top of a long stake, sharp-pointed at one end for the ground, you can have birds or butterflies cut out of wood and painted. Such stakes are particularly pretty in a flower garden.

STARS, page 142. There is a story for every group of stars. The Indians had stories of their own; the Eskimos have their stories for constellations, and all the peoples of the earth have noticed the stars and made up stories about them. You can read a few of these stories in Mara Pratt's *Storyland of the Stars*, Sir R. S. Ball's *Starland*, and G. Johnson's *The Star People*. You may like, also, to read about the sun and moon and earth, as well as the stars, in *The Children's Book of Stars*, by G. E. Mitton.

ROBIN HOOD, page 148. Howard Pyle has written a large book telling of the adventures of Robin Hood. It is fully illustrated. There is also a small book by Howard Pyle, giving a few of Robin Hood's adventures.

CHRISTMAS, page 163. The chapter on "A Trip

to the City'' in *Nancy Rutledge* tells how Nancy and Dick went to the city for Christmas shopping, and how Dick lost his new cap on the way home. You will like it if you enjoyed the chapter on ''Christmas.''

Your own stories of Christmas and getting ready for Christmas will be almost as much fun to write and to hear as anything you can find in books.

The Queen's Doll House, by Benson, Weaver, and Lucas, is a book that will delight the girls. *The Story of Live Dolls*, by J. S. P. Gates, is another book for girls.

Neighborly Advice, page 173. This story will make an amusing dialogue, with a good deal of pantomime in it. Make up the conversations. Try to put as much fun in as you can. Then give the dialogue.

You will need to read the account several times to be sure that you know exactly what each character is to say. You will not try to use the words of the book, but will express the same ideas in your own words.

The Miller and His Man, page 176. Why was the Miller foolish? How did the King mean to punish him?

Can you think of another answer to the first question? What other answer might have been given to the second question? How did the third question catch the King?

There is another story about a king who asked hard questions and was well answered. It is in a poem called "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury."

The Miller of the Dee, page 180. Before you begin to read you will need to know what these words in the poem mean: *hale, wrought,* and *blithe.*

Read this poem silently and try to answer these questions before you read it aloud:

Sometimes in a song the same words are repeated in each stanza. These repeated words are called the burden of the song. Read the words that were the burden of the miller's song.

What was the king's name? That is a nickname. The full name is Harry, or Henry.

Why did the miller doff or take off his cap? Why was his cap mealy?

Why was this poem put in the book just after the story of the Miller and his Man?

The Emperor of China, page 182. What do you think this story means? How did the Emperor's courtiers flatter him? Why is it unfair to flatter people?

Try to show one of the striking parts of the story in a picture.

A Dear Little, Queer Little Dutch Town,

page 188. How is the little Dutch town kept clean? What queer laws do the people of the little town have? What do Dutch children study in school? What are some of the games that Dutch children play? How do they play "In Holland Stands a House"? Learn the rhymes to this game so that you can play it after school.

Read over at least three games, that you may learn the rhymes that go with them. It is more fun to say the rhymes while you are playing than to read them as you are playing.

STUDY OF A PICTURE, page 200. The Game of Colors: For the game of colors you can make your own cards. This is the way one card will look when it is finished.

SKY BLUE
Peacock Blue
Navy Blue
Turquoise Blue
Cadet Blue
Indigo Blue

Make five other cards for *blue*, using these same shades, beginning each with the name of a different

shade of blue in capitals, and write the names of the other shades beneath it, as in the model card. In making a new card, always place the color written in capitals on the card you have just finished at the bottom of the list. Your next card for blue will begin with PEACOCK BLUE and end with sky blue. The next will begin with NAVY BLUE and end with peacock blue.

In the same way, make sets of cards for white, black, red, yellow, green, purple, brown, pink, and gray. You may use the shades given below or others of your own; but make six cards of each color:

white: snow, pearl, oyster, milk, cream, ivory
black: coal, inky, velvety, jet, soot, ebony
red: crimson, scarlet, brick, maroon, fire, cardinal
yellow: lemon, golden, orange, canary, saffron, sulphur
green: moss, olive, apple, bottle, emerald, sea
purple: amethyst, royal, lavender, lilac, mauve, violet
brown: seal, fawn, tan, bronze, rust, mahogany
pink: rose, salmon, cerise, shell, coral, carnation
gray: silver, dove, steel, quaker, taupe, slate.

Deal all the cards round, face down. The player at the left of the dealer begins the game. He calls on any one for any card he needs to make a set. (He must have at least one card of the set in his hand.) If the person called on has the card he must give it up. The first player may ask for cards, until he fails to get the one he asks for. Then the last person asked has the turn to call for cards.

When any one gets the six cards that make a set, he must place the cards on the table and say that he has made a set. When all the cards have been made into sets, the one having the greatest number scores four points. The one having the set of purple colors scores two points. The one having the set of green colors scores one point. Before you begin to play, decide how many points will make your game. Sixteen is the ordinary game. As many as six persons can play the game of colors.

The cards can be made especially attractive by pasting a small circle, or star, or square of the color named, after the top name on each card.

Have you every noticed how many different shades of black there are? Paste or sew to a large cardboard

small samples of the different kinds of black that your class can find. Are black leather, black fur, black ink, black cloth, black velvet, black paper, and coal all of the same shade of black?

Look closely at a piece of black fur in the sunlight. Can you see many tiny points of color in the black fur? Have you noticed points of color in anything else black?

You may wish to leave in the room for next year's class collections for several color charts, even if you are not able to make a complete chart for each color.

What will the habit of noticing color do for you?

THOR AMONG THE GIANTS, page 208. As you read, plan titles for Parts I, II, and III.

What do you think is the best part of this story?

You can give a play of Thor among the giants, and make up the parts as you go along.

There are other stories of Thor, Loki, the Frost Giants, and the Norse gods. You can read some of these in *Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas*, by H. W. Mabie; *The Children of Odin*, by Padriac Colum; *Stories of Norse Heroes*, by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton; *Old Norse Stories*, by S. P. Bradish; and *In the Days of Giants*, by A. F. Brown.

For historical Norse heroes see *Viking Tales*, by Jennie Hall.

In the Steel Mills, page 222. Explain how Lacey saved the other men.

What is your favorite story of a brave deed?

A Heroine, page 224. Why should you have thought of giving Elizabeth Jordan a prize? Do you know any "everyday heroine" like her?

David and the Giant, page 226. What two armies were facing each other in battle?

Tell in your own words how Goliath looked. Who was David and how did he happen to go to the army of Israel? Why did David think he would be able to fight the giant? Why did David take off the armor that Saul put on him?

How did David kill Goliath? What happened to David afterward?

The Boyhood of Washington, page 232. What can you tell the class about Washington that is not told here?

At the Coast Guard Station, page 241. Make large board drawings of the coast guards' work. A series of pictures on paper showing the various duties of the coast guard would make a desirable set to be

left in the room for the next year's class. If each person gives his time to the one picture which he can show best, a choice for the series can be made from all the drawings.

The work of the coast guard can be made into a little play, with or without words.

The Life Savers, by James Otis, is about a boy and his dog who served at a coast guard station.

First Aid, page 245. Read the following questions silently and see who can be first ready with an answer:

If you see some one's dress catch fire in the house, what should you do? If you see a dress catch fire from a bonfire, what is the best thing to do?

If some one is taken sick in school, what is the quickest and best way to get help? If some one is taken ill or has an accident in the park, how can you get a doctor most quickly? If the doctor you are trying to get is not at home, how shall you quickly find others?

Where are you likely to find telephones in the city? In case of an accident on a country road, what should you do?

What doctor lives nearest to your school? Exactly how do you go to reach his house?

Susie's First Loaf, page 250. *Uncle Robert's Geography*, by F. W. Parker and N. L. Helm, is made up of three books: *I. Playtime and Seedtime; II. On the Farm; III. Uncle Robert's Visit.* The stories tell what two boys and a girl saw and did in the country. "Susie's First Loaf" is from Book II, *On the Farm.*

Getting a Job, page 256. If you have ever worked for money, tell the class all about it. If you were going to look for work, how should you go about it? If you had a job, how should you try to keep it? If you had a fortune, how should you try to spend it so that the money would help others to help themselves?

The Dangerous Fly, page 261. How do flies make people sick? How can you keep flies from coming into the world near the place where you live? Why is it better to keep them from laying eggs than it is to kill them after the eggs are hatched?

Birds, page 267. Lists and records of the birds you hear and see are interesting to compare year after year. The lists should give the date when you first heard or saw the birds that year. One fourth-grade child's record was like this:

BIRDS (AMERICAN)	DATE	PLACE	SAW	HEARD	REMARKS
Herring gulls	Jan. 1 and all winter	At lake—on river —over the house	✓		I think some were ring-billed gulls.
Downy woodpecker	Jan. 15	Back yard	✓		
Chickadee	Jan. 21	Back yard	✓	Both calls	He wasn't afraid of me.
Blue jay	Feb. 19	School-yard	✓	✓	In the oak-tree after acorns.
Robin	Feb. 24	Jackson Park	✓	✓	Singing a sunset song.
Bluebird	Mar. 1	Back yard	✓		
Tree sparrows	Mar. 12	Midway	✓	✓	Spot on breast very plain.
Geese	Mar. 12	Flying over the house		✓	Night—sounded like barking.

WEED-DESTROYING BIRDS, page 272. Keep a record of the weeds as you come to know them. Drawings or pressed leaves, flowers and fruit of the weeds add to the interest of your record. When you find some use made of these weeds by animal or man, or some particular reason why they should be destroyed, your record should give this information.

How do each of the birds you have read about serve man?

If you can become familiar with these birds, by pictures or otherwise, choose the bird that you would like to make a poster of to show how he serves man. The poster should make its point so well that any one seeing it will understand why that bird should be protected.

Of course, before you make your poster you will

have to make a close study of your bird either from the live bird, or from mounted specimens, or from pictures.

There is a society for the protection of birds called the Audubon Society. (See page 327.) It is named for John Audubon, a man who studied the birds of our country, and made hundreds of accurate paintings of them.

The Audubon Society tries: (1) To encourage the study of birds in the schools. (2) To improve the bird laws of the State. (3) To discourage the wearing of any feathers except those of the ostrich and domestic fowls. (4) To make people wish to protect birds and their eggs. (5) To restore to our wild birds natural surroundings, such as forest and shrubbery, that the birds may live and breed in safety.

Is there an Audubon Society in your State? It may give you valuable suggestions, if you ask, about picture collections of birds, reading matter, and other bird information.

SLEEPYHEAD, page 280. Of the seven poems in this group, which one is your favorite? Be ready to read the line or lines that you like best. Perhaps you will want to tell the class the reason for your choice. Is there any poem here like any other that you know?

Of all the poems that you have ever read which is your favorite?

Write a little poem at home and give it to your teacher to read.

Ben, the Baby Bear, page 282. What is to be said about the character of Ben, the Baby Bear? About the characters of the men? Be ready to read passages that prove what you think.

In *Wild Life in the Rockies*, by Enos Mills, there is a story about three bears who liked ham. It is called "Besieged by Bears." "The Story of Johnny Bear," and *Wahb, the Biography of a Grizzly*, by Ernest Thompson Seton, are bear stories you will enjoy reading.

Arbor Day, page 297. How many different kinds of trees do you see on your way to school? Keep a list on the board of all the trees seen by the class. The list is made more interesting if you mount leaves of each tree as it is added to the list, or make ink prints of the leaves.

What Is Our Flag? page 299. The States were admitted into the Union in this order: 1 Delaware; 2 Pennsylvania; 3 New Jersey; 4 Georgia; 5 Connecticut; 6 Massachusetts; 7 Maryland; 8 South Carolina; 9 New Hampshire; 10 Virginia; 11 New York; 12 North Caro-

lina; 13 Rhode Island; 14 Vermont; 15 Kentucky; 16 Tennessee; 17 Ohio; 18 Louisiana; 19 Indiana; 20 Mississippi; 21 Illinois; 22 Alabama; 23 Maine; 24 Missouri; 25 Arkansas; 26 Michigan; 27 Florida; 28 Texas; 29 Iowa; 30 Wisconsin; 31 California; 32 Minnesota; 33 Oregon; 34 Kansas; 35 West Virginia; 36 Nevada; 37 Nebraska; 38 Colorado; 39 North Dakota; 40 South Dakota; 41 Montana; 42 Washington; 43 Idaho; 44 Wyoming; 45 Utah; 46 Oklahoma; 47 New Mexico; 48 Arizona.

Ants, page 301. If you would like to make a glass case for ants so that you can watch them work, you can find a description of one in *Nature Study*, by Frederick L. Holtz, pp. 231–232, or in *Lessons in Nature Study*, by Jenkins and Kellogg, pp. 147–148.

The Bee People and *Grasshopper Land*, by Margaret Morley, are books of easy reading about insects.

The Apple Barrel, page 311. Sailors never say *forecastle* when they speak of the forward part of the ship under the deck, where they live. They run the letters together to sound like *fōc's'le* (fōk'sl).

In *Adventures of Billy Topsail*, by Duncan, there are two chapters that boys enjoy particularly. A cave—is it a pirates' cave?—a rough map, and boys' adventure are in these chapters.

There are several stories in *The Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling. In one you will meet Mowgli, the man child who was brought up by a family of wolves. In another you will read about Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose who killed snakes.

For summer reading, what book that you have enjoyed can you recommend to the boys and girls of your class?

THE RUNAWAY FURNITURE, page 316. Had the people of Ligg chosen a wise mayor?

When you go home, look at your furniture and see whether it would be justified in running away.

A LITTLE DICTIONARY

In reading this book, if you don't understand what a word means or how it should be pronounced, look for it in the list. The little marks over the vowels tell you which of the vowel sounds is the right one to use. The vowel sounds are given together at the head of the list.

ā, as in fāte	ē, as in ēve	ô, as in ôr, all (ôl)	ou, as in out
â, as in câre	ĕ, as in ĕnd	ŏ, as in nŏt	ū, as in ūse
ă, as in ădd	ī, as in īce	oi, as in oil	û, as in ûrn
ä, as in ärm	ĭ, as in ĭll	o͞o, as in mo͞on	ŭ, as in ŭp
å, as in åsk	ō, as in ōld	o͝o, as in fo͝ot	', as e in shovel

A

a-beam (å-bēm'), opposite the middle of the ship's side.
achievement (å-chēv'mĕnt), a deed worth doing.
acuteness (å-kūt'nĕs), sharpness.
Adjidaumo (ăd''jē-dô'mō).
ado (å-do͞o'), trouble.
Æsop (ē'sŏp).
a-jousting (å-jŭst'ĭng), taking part in a pretended fight on horseback with lances.
Algonquin (ăl-gŏn'kwĭn).
anagrams (ăn'å-grămz).
ancients (ān'shĕnts), people of long ago.
antiseptic (ăn''tĭ-sĕp'tĭk), a drug that prevents germs from growing.
aphids (ăf'ĭds).
apparatus (ăp''å-rā'tŭs), machinery.
applauses (å-plôz'ĕz), signs of being pleased, as by clapping hands.
architect (är'kĭ-tĕkt), one who plans buildings.
artery (är'tûr-ĭ), a kind of blood-vessel.
asunder (å-sŭn'dêr), apart.
authority (ô-thôr'ĭ-tĭ), source of correct information.
automatically (ô''tō-măt'ĭ-căl-ĭ), of itself.

B

badgered, worried.
balsam (bôl'săm), a fragrant, oily resin.
belfry, the bell tower of a church.
bespoke', spoke.
binoculars (bĭn-ŏk'ū-lârs), a pair of telescopic glasses for the use of both eyes.
blight (blīt), a disease of plants.
bonanza (bō-năn'zå), something that pays well.
boracic acid (bō-răs'ĭc ă'sĭd), a drug soothing to the eyes.
bowsprit (bō'sprĭt), a long pole projecting from the bow of a ship.
brakes, thick growth of reeds and brambles.
brawlers (brôl'ûrz), those making a loud noise.
buckskin, strong, soft leather.
buoy (boĭ), a floating object to guide ships.
burden, line or lines repeated in a poem.

C

camas (kăm'ăs), a kind of lily.
capacity (kă-păs'sĭ-tĭ), power.
capsizes (căp-sīz'ĕz), upsets.

carbolated vaseline (kär'bō-lāt''ĕd văs'ĕ-lĭn), a healing drug.
cascades (kăs-kādz'), waterfalls; *here*, showers.
Cassiopeia (kăs''ē-ō-pē'yà).
Cheemaun (chē-môn').
chines (chīns), rib roasts.
chores (chôrz), odd jobs.
chrysanthemums (krĭs-ăn'thē-mŭms), gay autumn flowers.
cipher (sī'fûr), writing made secret by changing the letters or using signs for letters.
clamored (klăm'ûr'd), cried loudly.
cleft (klĕft), cut.
close-reefed, with the sails rolled tight.
coffers (kŏf'ûrz), money boxes.
Cologne (kō-lōn'), a city in Germany.
competitor (cŭm-pĕt'ĭ-tûr), one who tries to outdo another.
constellation (kŏn''stĕ-lā'shŭn), a group of stars.
cornucopias (kôr''nū-kō'pĭ-àz), paper horns to fill with nuts or candy.
couch (kouch), rest.
counsellors (koun'sĕl-ûrz), advisers.
courser (cōrs'er), a war-horse.
craggy (krăg'i), full of rocks.
crestfallen (krĕst'fôl'n), no longer proud.
crevice (krĕv'ĭs), a crack.
crudled (krōōd'l'd), cuddled.
cubit (kū'bĭt), eighteen inches.

D

deposit (dē-pŏs'ĭt), lay.
descendants (dē-sĕn'dănts), children, grandchildren; offspring.
dessert (dē-zûrt'), a sweet course at the end of dinner.
determine (dē-tûr'mĭn), settle.
diameter (dī-ăm'ē-tûr), a straight line drawn through the center from one side to the other.
diligence (dĭl'ĭ-jĕnz), continued work.
doffed, took off.
draper (drā'pûr), one who sells cloth.
draught (drâft), drink.
duff, boiled pudding.

E

eclipse (ē-klĭps'), shutting out of the light.
elaborate (ē-lăb'ō-rāt), almost too careful.
elephantine (ĕl-ē-făn'tĭn), like an elephant.
escorted (ĕs-kôrt'ĕd), accompanied for the sake of safety.
estimated (ĕs'tĭ-māt''ĕd), figured out.
exemplary (ĕg'zĕm-plâ-rĭ), serving as an example.
exhausted (ĕg-zôst'ĕd), emptied.
experimental (ĕks-pâr''ĭ-mĕn'tăl), trying it out.
externally (ĕks-tûr'năl-ĭ), outside.
extraordinarily (ĕks-trôr'dĭ-nâr-ĭ-lĭ), very.
exulted (ĕg-zŭlt'ĕd), rejoiced.

F

fabulous (făb'ū-lŭs), not true.
fare, *here*, are.
fascinating (făs'ĭ-nāt''ĭng), delightful.
fee—my kingdom's fee, as much as my kingdom is worth.
fibres (fī'bûrz), tough, string-like parts; *here*, roots.
fibrous (fī'brŭs), like tough, coarse strings.
fissure (fĭsh'ūr), a split.
floundered, flopped about.
forage (fôr'āj), to wander about for food.
forecastle (fōr'căs'l; *by sailors*, fōk's'l), the front part of a ship where the sailors live.
foundling, a child deserted by its parents and found by some one.

G

garnets, red precious stones
Geezis (ghē'zĭts).
girdled, went round.
Gitchee Gumee (ghĭ'chē-gŏŏ'mē).
glancing, turning aside.
glen, a narrow valley.
Goliath (gō-lī'ăth).
granary (grăn'à-rĭ), a storehouse for grains.
greaves (grēvz), armor to protect the shins.
grog, a sailor's name for liquor.
gullet, the neck.
gunny sack, a sack of coarse material.

H

hale, healthy.
haunch of venison (hônch of vĕn'ĭ-z'n), leg and loin roast of deer meat.
heigh-ho (hī'hō').
helmet, a metal covering for the head.
Hiawatha (hī''à-wô'thà).
hibernate (hī'bûr-nāt), go to sleep for the winter.
hie (hī), hasten.
Hispaniola (hĭs''păn-yô'là).
hither, here.

horizon (hôr-ī'zŭn), the line where the sky seems to meet the earth.
horizontally (hŏr''ī-zŏn'tăl-ĭ), with both ends the same distance from the ground.
humiliation (hū-mĭl''i-ā'shŭn), something that makes one ashamed.

I

Iagoo (ē-ä'gō͞o).
ignored, not noticed.
incline, slope.
inconspicuous (ĭn''kŭn-spĭk'ū-ŭs), not attracting notice.
incubator (ĭn'kū-bā''tôr), an arrangement for hatching eggs without a hen.
inherited (ĭn-hâr'ĭt-ĕd), received from some one dead.
inland (ĭn'lănd), away from the sea.
inquisitiveness (ĭn-kwĭz'ĭ-tĭv-nĕs), curiosity.
international (ĭn''tûr-năsh'ŭn-ăl), concerning more than one nation.
interval (ĭn'tûr-văl), time between.
invariably (ĭn-vā'rĭ-ă-blĭ), always.
Ishkoodah (ĭsh'kō͞o-dà).

J

Jan Steen (yän stān).
jungle, tangled mass of vegetation.

K

Kagh (kä).

L

larvæ (lär'vē), creatures just hatched from eggs of insects.
lea (lē), grassland.
life-preservers, belts or jackets made to keep people afloat in the water.
linden (lĭn'dĕn), a kind of basswood tree.
luff, the part of a sail next to the mast.

M

mahogany (mà-hŏg'ă-nĭ), a hard reddish-brown wood.
mail, armor.
maintain (mān-tān'), keep, support.
mar, spoil.
marvellous (mär'vĕl-ŭs), wonderful.
matured (mà-tūr'd), old enough to bear fruit.
mavis (mā'vĭs), a kind of thrush.
may, hawthorn tree; *here,* hawthorn flowers.
meeting, *here,* church.
methinks, it seems to me.
mignonette (mĭn-yŭn-ĕt'), a plant with fragrant green and brown flowers.
mollycoddled, petted.
monopoly (mō-nŏp'ō-lĭ), *here,* being the only one.
mosses, *here,* wild, swampy land.
mullein (mŭl'ĭn), a thick-leaved plant.
mystery (mĭs'tûr-ĭ), something not understood.

N

nasal (nā'zăl), sounding as if it came through the nose.
navigating (năv'ĭ-gāt'ĭng), sailing.
Nayquittymaw (nā-kwĭt'ĭ-mô).
netted, gave a profit of.
Nokomis (nō-kō'mĭs).

O

oilskins, waterproof suits.
Opechee (ō'pē-chē).
Orion (ō-rī'ŏn).
oust, put out.
outlook, platform where a coast guard keeps watch.
oversetting, upsetting.
Owaissa (ō-wī'sà).

P

palfrey (pôl'frĭ), a saddle horse.
palings, pickets of a fence.
palm, *here,* spring buds of particular plants.
palpitated (păl'pĭ-tāt''ĕd), fluttered.
Passover (pås'ō'vûr), an annual feast of the Jews.
peers, looks hard.
pelts, skins.
pestilence (pĕs'tĭ-lĕns), a terrible contagious disease.
Philistines (fĭ-lĭs'tĭnz).
picket pin, stake or peg attached to a line for keeping an animal from going away.
Pleiades (plē'yà-dēz).
pliant (plī'ănt), easily bent.
plight (plīt), condition.
pound, twenty shillings; almost five dollars.
preference (prĕf'ûr-ĕns), choice.
presided (prē-zīd'ĕd), sat at the head.
prevail, win.
progeny (prŏj'ĕ-nĭ), the young people or animals.
prophesied (prŏ'fē-sīd), foretold.
proved, *here,* become used to.
puny (pū'nĭ), small and thin.

Q

quick-witted, quick to understand.

R

ravine (rȧ-vēn′), a small valley.
re-enacted, played over again.
refuse (rĕf′ūs), waste.
registers (rĕg′ĭs-tûrs), records.
reserving, keeping.
resin (rĕz′ĭn), fir-tree gum.
resplendent (rē-splĕn′dĕnt), shining.
rheumatism (rōō′mȧ-tĭz′m), a disease of the muscles and joints.
roebuck (rō′bŭk), a kind of deer.
rook, an English bird like a crow.
roundelay (roun′dē-lā), a song in which certain parts are repeated.
rushy, full of rushes.
Russia (rŭsh′a).

S

saliva (sȧ-lī′vȧ), spittle.
sanderling, a kind of small sandpiper.
save the mark, an expression used to prevent bad luck (like knocking on wood).
scans, looks sharply at.
scavengers (skăv′ĕn-jûrz), men who take away rubbish and filth from the streets.
scorpion (skôr′pĭ-ŭn), a stinging creature of the spider family.
scud (skŭd), hurry.
scuttled (skŭt″ld), ran fast.
sequoia (sē-kwō′yȧ), redwood; the "big trees" of California.
sheer (shēr), sharply.
shekels (shĕk″lz), Hebrew money.
Shenandoah (shĕn″ăn-dō′ȧ), a river.
shilling, about twenty-five cents.
shimmering (shĭm′ûr-ĭng), shining with a little sparkle.
Simeon (sĭm′ē-ŭn).
sinews (sĭn′ūz), stringy parts of muscles.
Sirius (sĭr′ĭ-ŭs).
sixpence (sĭks′pĕns), about twelve cents.
sluggish (slŭg′ĭsh), moving slowly.
solitary (sŏl′ĭ-tâ-rĭ), lonely.
sombre (sŏm′bûr), gloomy.
somersaults (sŭm′ûr-sôlts).
sooth (sōōth), truth.
span, nine inches.
species (spē′shēz), kind.
squall, a sudden violent wind.
stalwart (stôl′wûrt), strong.
stanch, firm.
staves, sticks.
submerged (sŭb-mûrjd′), covered with water.
subtle (sŭt″l), not easily understood.
supervising (sū″pûr-vīz′ĭng), having charge of work.
supple (sŭp″l), easily bent.
surveyor (sûr-vā′ûr), one who measures land.
surveys (sûr-vāz′), reports on measurements of land.

T

tailor-wise, cross-legged, like a tailor sewing.
tamarack (tăm′ȧ-răk), a kind of larch tree.
Taquamenaw (tä″kwä-mĕn′ô).
target, a shield (page 226); a mark at which people shoot for practice or for a prize.
tawny (tô′nĭ), yellowish brown.
tepee, tipi (tē′pē), one kind of Indian tent.
tepid (tĕp′id), slightly warm.
terrace (târ′ȧs), a raised platform of earth.
Thames (tĕmz), an English river.
thatches, roof made of bundles of straw; *here,* grass.
time clock, a clock that, when it is punched, records the time on a card.
tipi, *see* tepee.
traditions (trȧ-dĭsh′ŭnz), stories handed down by telling.
treachery (trĕch′ûr-ĭ), doing harm to one who trusts.
tsagi (tsä′ghē).
tureen (tŭ-rēn′), a large deep dish from which soup is served.
tyrant (tī′rănt), a person who makes others do as he wishes.

U

utmost (ŭt′mōst), most.

V

vaulted (vôlt′ĕd), arched.
viaducts (vī′ȧ-dŭkts), elevated roadways.
vicious (vĭsh′ŭs), ready to hurt.

W

watch, watchman.
weaver's beam, a thick round stick used by weavers.
wits—five wits, five senses: sight, hearing, touch, smell, taste; *used for* body.
wroth (rôth), angry.

Y

yeoman (yō′măn), a small landowner.
yore (yōr), long ago.

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